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TRANSITION AND PROGRESS.

IT must often occur to gentlemen of conservative instincts or principles that there are a great many words in common use which are better fitted for *ad captandum* purposes than for conveying definite ideas. Your worldly-wise men of all degrees, from Machiavelli, or Talleyrand, down to the last cunning aspirant for small preferment, know the importance of a word that shall vibrate pleasantly upon the public tympanum, which said word taken at the flood-tide, is often made to lead some very worthless fellows on to fortune. We will not give illustrations of what we say, either from among our political friends or enemies, and if the ingenious reader thinks he can lay his hand upon persons to whom we allude, we can only assure him that he is mistaken, and that he confounds his own "personal allusions" with ours.

To stick to the text. We say there are words which please the popular taste more by the range they give to the imagination than by any clear ideas they impress upon the mind. Political parties, religious sects, nations, towns, hamlets—nay, village schools and infant asylums, have their watch-words which sway the public mind, no matter whether the public spreads over a "boundless continent," or is limited to the four walls of the nursery. The words at the head of this article are the delight of the age, and if they are, in some respects, significant, they are in others so indefinite and illimitable, that they can be impressed into the service of the wildest illusions. It is a pleasure to find a man taking a sober view of these things, and especially a man who stands upon such a height as to command a wide spread horizon. Our readers would doubtless be pleased to hear from such a man on such a subject, and it shall be our humble task only to present the words of BALMES, in an English dress. The Christian philosopher addresses himself to a young gentleman of intellect and cultivation, who has lost the clew to guide him through his mortal pilgrimage. But, though skeptical, he wishes to know the truth, and he carries on a correspondence with Balmes, discursive enough on his part, but pointed and effective on the part of the priest.

"See the insignificance of man," says the skeptic: "what does he know, what can he know of the truth? We cast our eyes about us, and behold, there is nothing but darkness. Who knows what will one day become of this Christian faith, of this Church of Christ, which you believe shall last

to the end of ages? I do not despise religion; I see in Catholicism a great fact which cannot be explained by ordinary causes. You appeal to history, and you call upon me to find something akin to the history of the martyrs. I have already told you that I do not wish to envelop myself in powerless negations; I am not disposed to deny the evidence of facts; but shall I speak freely? Then, I cannot believe. I consider attentively society in its actual condition, and I think I see in its uneasiness and in its signs of deep agitation, the evidences that we are upon the eve of immense events: it seems that an intellectual and moral revolution must inaugurate the era about to open, and perhaps then we may see this dark horizon clear up, where at present I can perceive only error and uncertainty. The epoch of transition passed, the times which follow will doubtless solve the mysterious problem."

The priest answers:

Your language afflicts me, my friend, but does not astonish me. Allow me only to point out to you that it replies to nothing, proves nothing, includes neither affirmation nor negation. The truth is before you, but you will not receive it, "*I cannot believe.*" You then speak of that future which has been more than once the subject of your reveries and criticisms; you speak of a state of social transition without knowing exactly in what that state consists; you doubt and float between contrary thoughts, you put off from day to day a decision that costs you an unpleasant effort; you defer it to a time when, perhaps, alas! you will have ceased to exist. Sad consolation! deceitful hope!

Sometimes you are upon the ground of socialism, sometimes upon the future, and again you speak of transition, of the new era, and I know not how many other things of the same kind. I have said that I would follow wherever it should please you to lead me; I will keep my word, and since just now you do not wish a discussion of dogma, we will set it aside, and treat of *transition* since transition is the theme.

Already in one of my preceding letters I have said that I did not regard transition as peculiar to our period, but as something belonging to all ages; that I could not admit then as a thing entirely new that which had been constantly produced under one form or another in the bosom of humanity. With little exception the law of movement is realized in all directions; we see, in the first place, the Greeks and the Romans in a continual state of transition. The age of Draco differs vastly from that of Solon; and the latter differs not less from the age of Alcibiades; the epoch of this voluptuous Athenian resembles in nothing those of Alexander and Demetrius. The sevarious epochs, however, are in the order of time closely connected—which proves that the social condition of Greece was undergoing a perpetual change, an incessant transition. The time that flowed between the first Brutus, the enemy of the Tarquins, and the second Brutus, the slayer of Cæsar, was certainly of no great duration, and yet through what wonderful phases passed in this interval the social and political condition of the Romans!

But, setting aside the nations of antiquity, and also those nations which apparently undergo no changes, but whose real internal history is so little known to us, let us limit ourselves to the consideration of the progress in modern societies since the establishment of Christianity; we may see therein effected, at all periods, changes as profound as any that can possibly take place among future generations. Even supposing that the strange predictions of the socialists will come to pass, and that the attempt

will be made to realize their boldest schemes, even then, we say, the difference that that social state will present in comparison with our present condition, will not be more striking than what has occurred in the different phases already undergone in the history of Christian nations.

If those who lived in the times when slavery was generally established, and regarded as an indispensable condition of all social organizations, had had presented to them a condition of things such as is now enjoyed by the various nations of Europe, they could neither have comprehended how public order could have been preserved, nor how the great questions could have been adjusted of labor for the poor, and prosperity for the rich classes; in a word, they would have regarded it as impossible that a vast society should exist without a foundation, as necessary, as indispensable in their eyes as the institution of slavery. Had any one said to a feudal lord reigning in his stronghold, that a day would come when all his titles would be ignored, and his name, as well as those of his powerful rivals, entirely forgotten; a day when his descendants would be confounded with the descendants of the poor vassals trembling at his feet, and the docile instruments of his power; had he been told that these very people would rise up against him, would struggle indefatigably against their masters, would triumph over them, and would establish a nation rich, powerful, and glorious, filling the universe with its renown and influence, his astonishment would have been equalled only by his indignation, and he would have regarded such predictions as no better than the ravings of insolence and folly.

What need to add more? We need not recur to times so remote for the most remarkable social metamorphoses. Take, for instance, the nobles of the days of Charles V and of Francis I, those haughty heirs of the great names of the feudal times, who, nevertheless, abandon the independence of their ancestors for a heroic fidelity to the persons of their kings, who give up the field, the theatre of their ancient power, for a residence at the capital, where rules a power acknowledged by all, who from warriors become courtiers; tell them that in three centuries the great offices of the state will no longer be their exclusive property, that it will no longer be their right to conduct armies to victory, that their voices will have no more weight in public affairs than those of the plebeians who cultivate their estates, and show themselves happy to render them the most humble services; tell this to the nobles of those times, and rest assured that so far from believing in the truth of these predictions, they will not even comprehend them; it will be in vain to show them by certain fore-shadowings that these transformations are already approaching, they will believe that you mistake for reality the illusions of ambition and pride.

Transport yourself, if you will, to the times of Suger and St. Bernard, announce to the disciples of these great men that the rich monasteries and the great abbeys which rival in splendor and power the castles of the contemporary nobles, will disappear one day, so that after the lapse of time nothing will remain of them but wrecks and ruins, objects of study and curiosity for the learned; announce to the clergy of that epoch, that clergy whose influence is so great in all public and private affairs, whose power and wealth put them on a level with the first of their age; tell them that they will soon be limited to the precincts of the temple, despoiled of their wealth, restrained in their right of instruction, confounded with the most humble classes of society, if not, indeed, put below them by being denied what is conceded to all the rest of the world; predict to them these

changes, and I repeat it, they will tell you that all this is utterly impossible unless future centuries are destined to be brought under the subjection of the Saracens or Tartars. No, they could never have conceived that such changes should take place independent of some such visitations, and simply from changes of ideas and customs in the bosom of civilization.

All the revolutions that may occur will have, assuredly, no other results than changes of social conditions, and modifications of the relations of individuals and classes. Imagine such transformations as you will, and you will scarcely have any more profound and more important than those of times passed, either as regarding the essential conditions of property, the organization of labor, the distribution of the products which come from these two sources, or as regarding the state of the family, social distinctions, or the general constitution of states. Transition has existed at all times as well as to-day; the nations of Europe have undergone such rapid and thorough transformations that it is difficult to recognize them as the same at different periods of time.

You are at liberty, my dear friend, to make all sorts of hypotheses, however strange or capricious, to compare them with the facts of history developed in ages gone by; I am satisfied that you will find therein but a striking proof of the principles I have just established. Will you assume, for example, that the necessitous classes will rise out of the state of dependence in which they are found at present, to approach the middle or even the highest classes of society? See whether the laborer of the present day differs more from the proprietor or master than slaves differed from citizens, vassals from lords; assuredly not. And yet there remains in Europe no trace of the ancient slavery, and scarcely a vestige of vassalage. The descendants of those who lived under these conditions are now on a footing with the children of those men that the old social constitutions had placed so far above them in fortune, power, and honor. Do you look to modifications of the right of property, to an entirely different division of lands and capital? In this regard, compare the middle age with our time, France under Charlemagne, for instance, and France under Napoleon. Think you of a new organization of labor, of laws to regulate the relations of the capitalist and the workman, of changes to be introduced into the essential bases of these relations and into their practical consequences? Place the cultivator of the soil of modern times by the side of the vassal of the feudal times; compare our day laborer with the slave of paganism. Commerce and industry, you may say, will be organized hereafter in such a manner as to revolutionize all the internal and external relations of society in future. Examine then our commercial code, glance over existing laws and customs in actual use, then compare them with what existed in the times of our ancestors. However vast a scale these two great elements of public fortune may traverse, whatever development and influence they may acquire, will they differ more widely from their present condition than this does in regard to the nations of Europe at the time when the Church threw her protecting shield over the first attempts of commerce and industry? Does it not appear to you that the great commercial and industrial companies found now in France, in Belgium, in Germany, in England, and in the United States, differ pretty widely from the poor caravans which traversed obscure roads through wild and desert regions, and which were only and barely protected by the edicts of the Church? See you not herein, my friend, a transition sufficiently marked?

We have not to look back to remote times to see the clergy and nobility invested with privileges, prerogatives and honors, which are theirs no longer. Even the thrones of the present day are very unlike those of the past. And now, our forms of government, financial operations, manner of living, mode of making war, our principles of diplomacy, and all internal and external relations, are entirely different from those of our forefathers.

We may naturally believe, then, that there will be vast changes in the future. Let us not forget that society at present is not less different from that which has preceded it than it will be from what has been predicted for us. Instability is one of the distinctive characteristics of human affairs; and he has reflected but little on the nature of man, and profited but little by the lessons of history and experience who would predict a long duration to that which is in itself so fragile and so perishable. Whether society be impelled by a revolutionary spirit, or placed under a conservative power, whether it be driven onward or held in check in its career, it changes always, it passes incessantly from one condition to another, sometimes for weal, as often for woe.

This alternation of good and evil brings me to another question. We are told unceasingly that progress is the law of humanity, that society obeys this law and moves onward toward its object through the greatest revolutions and the most fearful catastrophes. What is this object? None can answer; it is only seen under a magic and glittering veil. I am certainly not opposed to movement, nor do I undertake to dissipate hopes so flattering; and yet I cannot consent to give full support to a proposition which, in one sense, is condemned by philosophy, history and experience.

It is but too much the custom to speak of perfection, perfectibility, the law of progress, without distinguishing anything, without defining anything, without explaining whether the application is to a particular race, or to society at large. I would venture to ask of those who affirm that progress is the constant law of all society, how much of it they have discovered in the north of Africa and upon the western coasts of Asia, in comparing their present condition with what it was when they gave to the world such men as Tertullian, St. Cyprian, St. Augustine, Origen, St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Clement, and numerous other illustrious men?

This observation is unanswerable; but it must be admitted that it proves nothing against those who contend that the decay of this or that community does not hinder the perpetual progress of humanity, that civilization passes from one people to another, that one acquires what another has lost, and that thus there is established a true compensation. Thus, for example, in the cases we have just cited, the losses experienced by humanity on the coasts of Africa and Asia, have been amply compensated by gains in Europe, and more recently, in America. Reckoning, in fact, the millions of men who are now living in the realms of civilization, the number would be incomparably greater than in former ages; and if there be added to this the advantages of modern over ancient forms of civilization, not only intellectually and morally, but also in material well being, the difference is so marked as almost to make comparison impossible.

I avow that these reflections, my dear friend, are decisive in my opinion, viewing the question in its whole extent upon the basis of general history and the aggregate of humanity; so much so, that I deem it incontestable that the human race has never ceased to move onward in the way of

progress, that its condition during the middle age was consequently superior to that of antiquity, and its actual condition is equally in advance of all that has preceded it.

But is this not overlooking, you may say, the disorders and miseries caused by the irruptions of barbarians, and the ignorance and corruption that disgraced the subsequent epoch? Will it be said that the humanity of the time of Attila was comparable to the humanity of the time of Augustus? I answer yes; and, however false and absurd this may appear at first view, I consider the opinion well founded and susceptible of rigorous and complete demonstration. The diffusion of more just ideas of God, man and society, of the relations of the moral world, the lights of civilization spread over a greater number of people hitherto plunged into the most abject barbarism, the ever extending abolition of slavery, a more general and more practical knowledge of the rights of man, together constitute a real superiority in favor of the epoch of which we speak, over the age of Augustus.

Perhaps you do not agree with me, as yet, but then you will allow me to plead my cause a little more at length.

The splendor of science is indeed seductive, the voice of poetry enchanting, the beauty of the arts fascinating and magical; but, when all answers no purpose for the general good of humanity, when all is limited to flatter the pride, to promote the welfare and the pleasures of a few men who dwell in palaces, who feast at splendid banquets at the expense of whole nations cruelly despoiled and oppressed by these same few, what advantage results to the mass of men? What is such a civilization but a glittering imposture? There is peace, but it is the peace of the iron rule; there are pleasures, but these pleasures are for the few at the expense of the many; the sciences and arts may flourish, but abjectly devoted to the ruling powers, they are far from fulfilling their sublime mission in ameliorating the intellectual, moral, and physical condition of man.

After the multiplied irruptions and fluctuating careers of barbarous races, the feudal system sprang up, which, with all its faults, by establishing the right of property, promoting agriculture, and honoring the family relations, laid the foundations of our present civilization, and certainly was an improvement on the conditions which it supplanted. Up to the 16th century European society was in a state of progressive improvement; and since that time, notwithstanding the revolt of Luther and his disciples, which divided into two parts the great European family, entwining all the evils of religious discords and civil wars, still, besides the progress of Catholicity in the East and West Indies, compensating for losses in Europe, there has been, during the last three centuries, great progress in the moral, intellectual, and physical condition of nations.

Let us now, my friend, make a passing reference to the deep uneasiness which prevails at this moment among the people of Europe, and of all who participate in our civilization. To hear us declaim against our fate, our present situation, and our future prospects, one would say that our burdens are beyond endurance, and yet we are, comparatively, far better off than our forefathers. But they were never heard to speak as we do of the period of *transition* and the *new social organization* to be introduced to the world; they did not rail at all existing institutions; they did not announce, as we do unceasingly, that golden age always forthcoming, unless the world should fall back into chaos through blood and ruins.

Every epoch has had its own evils and has stood upon the threshold of

remarkable changes; every epoch has carried within itself a germ of death for whatever was then existing, so as to make way for the things of the future. I cannot admit that our ills are greater than those of our predecessors, although they may appear so for two reasons: first, that they are always before us; and second, that we have unbounded liberty of complaint both in speaking and writing, and the press designedly goes to extremes of exaggeration.

I trust, my dear friend, that if I have not succeeded in making you share in my opinions, I have, at least, convinced you of their reasonableness. You may, at least, hereafter employ the word *transition* with more exactness than hitherto, and not give it undue importance. I know not, indeed, how the people of our days have made so much capital of such words, for they signify nothing more than the instability of all human affairs; the knowledge of this instability certainly should not be regarded as a discovery of our times.

I can no more comprehend how men can dare to prognosticate the death of Catholicity; and this for the pretended reason that new social conditions will not be compatible with the dogmas and forms of this divine religion. One would think, upon hearing these prophets, that the world has undergone no change during the space of eighteen hundred years, or rather that the marvelous institutions founded by Christ require the concurrence of human support.

Could any one confound the social organization of the time of Nero with that of the time of Constantine or Theodosius? Would there be no difference acknowledged between Europe subject to the Roman emperors, and Europe invaded by tribes of barbarians, between this latter epoch and the time of feudalism, between the period marked by the preponderance of the barons and that of monarchical unity? Would any one class together the age of Francis I and that of Louis XIV, or even that of Napoleon? In the space of eighteen hundred years colossal revolutions have been accomplished, European society has undergone the most radical changes, the relations of public and private life have undergone innumerable modifications; and yet religion has always remained the same through all the vicissitudes of times and circumstances. Without betraying for a single instant the interests of immutable truth, it has followed with a watchful eye the fluctuating current of human opinions and ideas; without ever sacrificing to the demands of the passions its pure morality, it has regarded the differences of manners and customs; without encroaching upon its internal organization in what is essential and sacred, it has given birth to an infinite number of institutions admirably adapted to the wants of times and nations.

You know, my friend, that none of these facts can be called in question. Why not, then, abandon a phraseology which is vague, indefinite, and uncertain, fit only to nourish skepticism and mental illusion. You know that I am, by no means, adverse to progress, which, on the contrary, I esteem a providential benefit; nor am I one always to condemn the present without distinction, and to despair of the future with all its promises.

I only demand that we should discern good from evil, truth from error, reality from vain and treacherous delusion; I desire only to put in practice the beautiful precept which the skeptics never cease to abuse, while they profess to be governed by it: *Examine all things in good faith and judge of them with impartiality.*

SKETCHES OF HEROIC WOMEN.—No. I.

MARGARET MORE, DAUGHTER OF SIR THOMAS MORE.—1508-1544.

I.

MIDWAY on the slope of a graceful hill, retired from the noise of the court and of the world, rises a whitewalled, modest mansion, whose air of happiness and repose irresistibly attracts the charmed eye of the passing stranger.

"I would like to live there," he says, with a sigh. Rich or poor he can not help expressing the wish. For rich and poor alike aspire after happiness, and both are conscious that it is to be found only in the calm and holy communion of the family circle.

"I like to live here," often likewise exclaimed that noble martyr, that heroic champion of truth and faith then so violently attacked in England by a royal and imperious will. "I like to live here," often exclaimed in pious serenity, Sir Thomas More.

And as often as his duties permitted him to quit London, as soon as ever he could divest himself of the Lord Chancellor's ermine and snatch a brief repose from the cares of the state, he might be seen, smiling at the happiness which awaited him, entering his little boat, encouraging with paternal kindness the efforts of the rowers, and gliding rapidly up the Thames until he reached his pretty dwelling at Chelsea, where he was welcomed by the caresses of his children, particularly by the devoted tenderness of his favorite daughter, the sweet and learned Margaret. Oh! how he loved this heroic girl, this sublime soul created by the Almighty to understand his own, and by surrounding him with an ardent and affectionate admiration, to afford him an ample recompense for the difficulties and vexations of his public life!

One evening he returned later than usual. His face was gloomy and dejected; but an indescribable expression of joy and sadness imparted a strange brightness to his eye. Margaret shuddered.

"You are suffering, father?" she asked, and she could not restrain her tears as she received the usual parental embrace.

The children suspended their play to hear his reply. Seeing him silent, they repeated in mournful tones:—

"Are you suffering?"

"I?" replied Sir Thomas, tenderly embracing them, "suffering? Now? No, I am quite happy here."

The children resumed their play, but Margaret sighed.

Soon the old clock struck the hour for prayer. Kneeling in the midst of her family and the servants, all assembled in the silence and retirement of a modest oratory, Margaret recited the evening devotions. Just as she was finishing, a calm and austere voice was heard to give utterance to the following prayer:—

"Oh, Almighty God, grant courage and strength to the father, assistance and protection to the children, peace and prosperity to the country! O my God, enlighten the king, save England from schism and heresy, deliver thy people!"

And the voice sunk into a more explicit prayer which God alone could hear.

When Margaret arose she was very pale; grief had kindled a feverish glow in her eye; her heart foreboded some terrible misfortune.

Calm in appearance, she saw the children to bed, and bestowed on each the usual nightly caress. Descending, she found her husband alone.

"Roper," she asked, "can you tell what misfortune threatens us?"

Roper looked at her with astonishment.

"I shall know it," she added; "he must tell me himself."

In a few moments, Margaret lifted the heavy tapestry that hung around the library, and trembling and irresolute stood in the doorway.

Bending over a pile of papers scattered on a round table, Sir Thomas More, leaning on his left hand, was glancing hastily over these papers with eyes bathed in tears. She could notice the convulsive agitation of his right hand as it threw aside each document after a short examination. A little copper lamp illuminated the scene, and as the light was concentrated on the table by a thick shade placed very low, the rest of the room was buried in profound darkness.

Margaret contemplated this sad spectacle for some time in silence; then making an effort she advanced a few steps.

"Father!" said she softly. Sir Thomas started. "You, Margaret, here at this hour! What is the matter?" "I wish to speak to you, father," replied the young woman, in a timid and interrupted voice.

"What have you to say to me, child?"

"Oh, father, father," cried Margaret, no longer trying to restrain her tears; "I know you are concealing some misfortune. Father, I have courage. Besides, it is much easier to bear a real calamity than agonizing uncertainty. Father, have pity on your daughter. Tell her everything."

Sir Thomas tried to smile; but the attempt died on his lips, his forehead became clouded with wrinkles of grief, and a deathly paleness overspread his countenance.

"Misfortune?" he murmured, "what misfortune could I have to conceal?"

"How can I tell? Some royal caprice, some powerful hatred. There is something terrible, I know, for a heart like mine, father, cannot be deceived."

Sir Thomas's tender and expressive eyes were fixed on Margaret. He arose, took his daughter's hands in his own, looked reverently upwards, and, in tones of sublime resignation, said—

"The king wishes me to take the oath, Margaret."

"Oh, Heaven!" she exclaimed; "and if you refuse?"

"It is a matter of life and death."

At these words, Margaret threw herself on her knees:

"Give me your benediction, father," she cried; "give it to these old walls, too, which shall never see you again, but which will never forget you. Oh, father, your children are orphans!"

"Be you blessed, Margaret, for your confidence in your father, and for the strength your courage gives him."

Margaret's energy now gave way to the tenderness of her affectionate soul. Cowering before the terrible blow, she embraced her father's knees, and bathed the folds of his robe with abundant tears.

"And when is this oath to be demanded?" she suddenly asked.

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow! This is, then, the last day, or rather the last night! Oh, father, grant this favor to your Margaret: let her watch beside you. Let us not separate. Earthly hours shall henceforward be but few—they are now so precious!"

II.

Next morning, Sir Thomas More entered the apartment where his children were sleeping, and kissed each one tenderly on the forehead; then passing on to Lady More's chamber, he embraced her also, saying he was going to return to London. Finally he went to find Margaret. The young mother was standing by the bed-side of her three children. A dark-colored cloak thrown over her shoulders half concealed her face. Seeing her father enter, she opened the door of her own room, and asked with some impatience, "Are you ready, Roper?"

Roper appeared: his dejected air showed that he knew all.

Sir Thomas pressed his hand with affection, Margaret embraced her children, and all three left the room.

A boatman awaited them under the terrace. Sir Thomas stopped and seemed disposed to return to give his children a last adieu; but Margaret led him on gently, and springing into the boat—

"To London!" she exclaimed in a loud voice. Roper and Sir Thomas followed her.

Margaret sat down in silence beside her father; Roper took the opposite seat. The skiff, impelled by a strong wind, flew like an arrow down the Thames. Roper leaned over towards Sir Thomas:

"This oath," said he, in a low voice; "why can't you take it? Is not obedience the first duty of the subject?"

"Yes, but to God first of all."

"The clergy have submitted."

Sir Thomas shook his head mournfully.

"The clergy? No. You mean a part of the clergy. And because some of the sheep get lost, must the whole flock leave the fold? Roper, death is preferable to a crime."

"A crime!" interrupted Roper.

"Yes, a crime against God, the Church, the Country. It is clear. What does Henry VIII want? England to recognize his sole supremacy in matters of religion. That is schism in the Church, and with schism, heresy, civil war, anarchy, destruction of bodies, destruction of souls."

"And by your single resistance, do you expect to ebb the whole royal will and authority?"

"I expect to save my soul," answered Sir Thomas, simply.

Margaret pressed her father's hands against her heart.

"Yes, yes!" she exclaimed, "better save eternity than the few miserable days on earth. May God sustain our courage!"

"Amen," was the two men's answer.

III.

Sir Thomas' and his daughter's forebodings were just. Refusing to sign the oath, he was consigned to the Tower of London, and too well he knew these gloomy portals would never open to him again except to send him to the scaffold.

The little boat did not return that evening to Chelsea. Margaret,

after useless efforts to obtain admission to her father, had seated herself at the prison-gate.

"Here I will wait until God sends me the means of seeing him," said she in a firm and decided tone to her husband, and Roper had sat down beside her.

It had become night, and the black sky sparkled with the brilliancy of the stars. Roper, supported by the damp wall of the archway, had fallen asleep. Margaret watched and prayed.

Suddenly a boat landed a short distance off. Two men left it, wrapped up in heavy cloaks; they approached the tower, made a signal, exchanged a few words in a low voice, and the gates immediately opened to receive them.

After a few minutes they came out again. Margaret could not suppress a slight exclamation.

The two men stopped. The leader, who seemed to direct the movements of the other, approached Margaret and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Who are you?" he asked; "what are you doing here?"

"I am Margaret Roper, daughter of Sir Thomas More. I am waiting here until it pleases Heaven to grant me access to my father."

The stranger made an angry gesture.

"Heaven does nothing for the guilty," said he gloomily.

The two men departed. Roper came out of the obscurity that had concealed him.

"Did you recognize these men?" he asked.

"No, do you know them?"

"He that kept silence was Cranmer, the new Chancellor, your father's enemy."

"And the other?"

"Must be the king."

"Henry! How unfortunate not to recognize him. I would have denounced him as my father's murderer."

"And he would have crushed the feeble reed that dared to rise against him."

"What matter? Imprisonment would have restored me to my father."

"Child that you are to forget that the Tower of London is a world where you might live a hundred years without suspecting you were near him, though separated only by a single wall."

"Child, indeed; yes, and only a child to expect happiness any longer in this world. Now, all is over!"

IV.

It was noon. Roper had at last prevailed on Margaret to abandon the stone step of the prison, and both were now seated in the parlor of a tavern in the neighborhood, when an officer, attended by some of the Royal Guards, entered.

"Is it you, madam, whose name is Margaret More?"

Margaret replied by an affirmative gesture.

"Then have the kindness to follow me in the king's name."

Roper became terribly pale; Margaret's countenance, on the contrary, shone with sublime hope. Leaning on her husband's arm, she followed the royal messenger.

Henry VIII was awaiting her with impatience. His reception was gracious and kind. He protested his love for his chancellor, his gratitude for his long and worthy services, his desire to restore him to favor and to his office, adding that all this good-will was lost on Sir Thomas's obstinacy, as it was altogether impossible to exempt him from the oath and thus give an example that could not but prove injurious to the demands of justice.

Margaret did not undertake to implore an impossible clemency. She saw clearly that, as the ambitious policy of the king had not recoiled before any difficulty, not even before the dangers and misfortunes of a rupture with the Church, it could not be obstructed by the resistance or rather the protestation of a single man; on the contrary, that it would sweep away and overwhelm this man, as the torrent overwhelms some feeble barrier it encounters in its headlong course. She listened therefore in silence to the royal protestations:

"I love Sir Thomas More, I value him," continued Henry. "I would make every possible concession to facilitate his obedience and to secure his safety. If I could only have foreseen what has occurred, I would have never insisted on the oath. But, at the present moment, when it is a case of flagrant, formal resistance, I can do nothing; he must take the oath or ____."

The King hesitated, and Margaret, lifting up her pale, meek countenance, said—

"Die, sire, it is not?"

Henry, in presence of this grief so sublime by its very calmness, yielded to an instant of rapid emotion, and covering his face with his hands:

"But that is impossible," said he; "will he not swear? Can nothing induce him? I have sent for you to say that you may visit him, speak to him. Go then; the voice of a daughter like you is omnipotent over a father's heart. Go, decide him, save him, I will be happy if you succeed."

Margaret made no reply. The thought that a woman was possessed of fortitude enough to resist the image of an infamous death on the scaffold never occurred to the king. He exacted no promise. Margaret would not have given it; silence was all that filial tenderness could gain from her heroic spirit.

"Hasten, Roper, let us hasten!" she continually repeated to her husband.

And placing her lips on the permit which she had received from the king:

"This paper," she said, "is more valuable than life! It will enable me to see and embrace my father. Come, come, minutes are centuries!"

V.

When Sir Thomas saw the door of his dungeon open, and the beloved forms of his children appear, his joy deprived him of utterance. Before his sudden emotion was calmed, Margaret and Roper were in his arms.

"You here, my children! God is working miracles in my behalf."

"Judge if he is from the message which the king—"

"The king?" cried Sir Thomas, turning pale, "the king send me a message by you?"

"Yes," said Margaret, "he wishes your daughter to bring you eternal death and dishonor; he wishes to stifle the sacred voice of your conscience and to abuse your tenderness by extorting from it the oath which his authority could not obtain."

"And you accepted this message, Margaret?"

"I accepted nothing, I promised nothing; I took advantage of the opportunity of seeing you, that is all."

"But that is to fail already, since it is to deceive," replied the austere voice of the chancellor.

Margaret raised her head proudly. "I repeat, my dear father, that the king certain beforehand of my consent, did not ask me for a promise."

"And if he had?"

"At the risk of even never seeing you again on earth I would not perjure myself," replied the young woman.

"You do not then, like the others, advise me to yield for form's sake?"

"Form, in an affair of conscience, I cannot separate from fact; no restriction is to be thought of in such a case. Oh, my father, it is not your daughter who will ever advise you to weakness or dishonor! Death is better, as you yourself have often declared: here death is martyrdom!"

"Margaret, you are a noble and saintly woman: may God guard and protect you as much as your father loves you. Roper, henceforth you shall be more to her than ever; do not let her forget her father, but console her for his absence; often remind her that in a better world we shall all meet again. Tell her that if it is good to be a dutiful daughter, it is still better to be a worthy and devoted mother!"

Sir Thomas spoke long; he gave his children his last orders and instructions; he spoke to them of God, of heaven, of duty, and of suffering. As they listened, they wept and admired.

At last the clock struck the hour for separating. "Farewell!" cried Sir Thomas, "we shall meet in heaven."

"Yes," murmured Margaret, "for ever in heaven: but once more on earth too, were it even at the foot of the scaffold."

VI.

The king was irritated at the bold frankness with which Margaret on leaving the prison had declared that he little knew what blood flowed in her veins if he had imagined that the fear of death could have induced her by an act of cowardice to sully her father's noble name. In his anger he gave additional orders regarding the restraints to which the prisoner was to be subjected, and Margaret, in spite of all her efforts, could not contrive to see him.

Twice during the two long months of the prosecution she received a bit of folded paper, when she recognized her name and assurances of affection, hastily traced with a piece of charcoal. Each time she welcomed the missive as a precious relic, and still repeated:

"I shall see him again."

But now a mournful rumor spreads through the great city. Yesterday a scaffold was erected for the learned Fisher, the good bishop of Rochester; to-day it is the great chancellor, the incorruptible Sir Thomas More, who is to suffer.

"Woe!" cried the people, "woe! The blood of the just is a fatal dew, bringing death instead of life, barrenness instead of fertility. Woe! woe!"

And over these cries of the people heaven itself seemed to manifest its wrath. A storm dashed the waters of the Thames and the rain against the old walls of the prison: the fury of the elements sustained and accompanied the murmurs and the terrors of the multitude.

Still the crowd increased around the Tower, and in still greater numbers around the scaffold. People easily forget cold and tempest when the justice or the vengeance of man prepares for them the sight of human greatness coming to a premature and bloody end.

In the midst of this numerous crowd nobody remarked the pallor and anguish of a beautiful young woman leaning on a young man's arm, and with her right hand holding on firmly to an iron chain which extending from pillar to pillar surrounded the foot of the Tower to ward off the pressure. She always kept in the first rank, successfully resisting the tumultuous swaying of the crowd which heaved like a troubled sea.

By the emotions of the people Margaret could tell that the moment was at hand. The prison-door opened. The young woman slipped under the iron chain, and forced her way through horses and soldiers until she came to the first rank. In a moment the fatal cart appeared.

"My father!" she exclaimed, and tearing asunder the clasp she abandoned her cloak to the hands that tried to keep her back. "Father!" she repeated in a heart-rending voice.

Sir Thomas had recognized his beloved daughter. Standing in the cart he extended his arms towards her as far as the iron chains would permit.

In an instant he was pressing her to his breast. "Margaret," said he, "my child; courage! Farewell!" Leaning towards the executioner: "I pray you," said he, "a lock of my hair for my daughter."

The executioner with his sharp poinard performed the mournful office.

"It is my last gift, Margaret. Farewell."

And addressing Roper, who had also succeeded in reaching him, he took his hand, and restoring the half-fainting Margaret to his arms:

"Take her home," said he, with much effort.

Roper obeyed, and, lifting the young woman in his vigorous arms, he passed without obstacle through the triple hedge of soldiers and was lost in the crowd.

Soon after loud hurrahs, followed by the report of a cannon, announced that all was finished.

VII.

The evening of this same day a man and woman stopped before a house, to which the walls painted red, the doors and windows carefully closed, together with its isolation, imparted a mournful and repulsive aspect. The young woman, having glanced round anxiously to make sure that she was not observed by indiscreet eyes, knocked three times.

At this preconcerted signal a door opened, and two men made their appearance, bearing a burthen on their shoulders. They followed the young woman who, still leaning on the arm of her companion, retraced her steps until they all arrived at the river bank. The burthen was deposited in a boat that awaited them: a purse of gold was given to the two men, and, as they departed, the young woman's companion seizing the oars, the boat flew up the Thames with great rapidity.

The treasure which Margaret was conveying to Chelsea was her father's body just purchased from the hands of the executioner. But, O profanation! the head was wanting: it was to remain fifteen days exposed to the gaze of the crowd on London bridge.

"You shall bring it to me, instead of throwing it into the river, as you have been ordered," Margaret had said to the executioner, "and you can rely on my gratitude."

The executioner promised and kept his word.

Then this precious head, this head of a father and martyr, Margaret placed in a leaden box which, every day, morning and night, she piously opened, to contemplate the beloved features and to speak to her father as formerly, assured that her voice reached him in heaven.

But her secret was betrayed: Sir Thomas's enemies were irritated at this act of filial devotion paid to his memory. The king himself was so enraged that Margaret in her turn was consigned to prison.

It required all Roper's influence, as attorney-general, to put an end to this captivity. Once more at liberty, Margaret retired from the world, which soon forgot her. The rest of her life was passed in solitude, devoted to the affectionate attentions that she equally divided between her brothers and her own family. She even occasionally continued the literary and scientific labors in which she had been so long assisted and directed by her father. But the blow had struck too deeply to leave her a long life; she could not be consoled, and died in her thirty-sixth year.

One of her daughters, Mary Roper, inherited her talents, her great learning and her virtues. The mother seemed to live again in the daughter, whose life, exempt from the great and terrible events attendant on revolutions, flowed on as happily as it was pure and useful.

VIII.

The wife and especially the daughter have appeared to absorb us so completely in Mistress Roper, the profound scholar, that we have forgotten to speak of her talents and learning. We have forgotten to say that, initiated by her father into the secrets of the ancient languages, she also knew rhetoric, logic, philosophy, geometry, algebra, history and music. Some remarkable works of hers in Latin, and some of her Greek translations, are still extant.

Her father and herself had commenced, separately, a treatise on the Four Ends of Human Life. When she showed Sir Thomas her work he tore up his own, affirming that his daughter's was infinitely superior.

Endowed with a vigorous and energetic soul, she wrote with strength and depth, and always in a noble, elevated, and correct style. It is reasonably supposed that she was no stranger to the remarkable work published by her husband on the life of Sir Thomas More.

Faithful to the last wishes of one who had been always a devoted and affectionate wife, Roper had the leaden box containing her father's head placed in Margaret's arms as she lay in her coffin.

Even death could not separate her from that dear and invaluable treasure.



PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE MONASTERY OF SANTA MARIA DE RABIDA, NEAR PALOS.

SCENES IN THE LIFE OF COLUMBUS.

CHAPTER II.—*Palos.*

SHOULD any of you, my dear readers, ever happen to be in the old city of Cadiz, by all means try to pay a visit to the village of Palos. It is only about eighty miles distant and is easily accessible by steam. A pilgrimage to the cradle of American Discovery is well worth much more than the little trouble you would be required to endure. Supposing then that you have taken the boat in the morning, in little more than half an hour you will pass Rota with its Moorish walls and *alcazar*: further on you will get a glimpse of San Luis de Barrameda at the mouth of the famous Guadalquivir. Soon you find yourself skirting one of the most gloomy-looking sandwastes in the world, whose monotony an occasional watch-tower, or a knot of stunted pines, altogether fails in relieving. From this dreary scene on your right hand, you will turn with pleasure to hail the gradual approach of the mountains of Portugal on your left. Occasionally, too, you will gaze with pleased astonishment at the pair of enormous eyes with which the prow of every fishing boat is furnished. It is surprising what an effect this strange ornament produces on the imagination. You can hardly help thinking that the boats are real living, breathing monsters, sporting about in the waters. The boatmen attach great importance to this singular but old custom of providing their boat with eyes, and would be, by no means, pleased at the idea of exposing her to danger without affording her every opportunity of seeing its approach.

In a few hours you make a sudden turn to the right, and find yourself in a wide but shallow bay, the mouth of the river Tinto: up this you proceed, and it is not long before you come in front of a pine-clad eminence crowned by a large whitewashed building, which you look at with considerable interest when you hear a sailor exclaim—"Convento de Colon"—"Columbus' monastery."

The engraving at the head of this chapter you will find quite correct. On the right, covering the summit of the hill, is the convent of Moguer, called in the time of Columbus the convent of Santa Maria de Rabida. Just under it, near the palms, you can see the remains of some hydraulic works by which it was formerly supplied with water. Until lately it was fast falling to decay, but last year, in consequence of the combined exertions of the Dukes de Nemoun and de Montpensier, and of the Dutchess de Montpensier, Luisa, sister of the Queen of Spain, it was taken under the protection of the government; so that at last, almost at the eleventh hour, we are assured that effectual means have been taken to preserve for admiring posterity this most interesting relic of the great era of Columbus.

That is the town of Huelva which you see near the centre of the engraving. Palos is on the same side of the Tinto as the convent. On the right, a little beyond where you see the three vessels, is the spot whence Columbus embarked on his memorable expedition. Nearly opposite Palos, on the other side, the Odiel joins the Tinto, after being separated from it for a while by the sand bar of Saltes. Three miles further on, nearly under those five crowns, is the little city of Moguer. On the extreme left you see the mountains of Portugal, and the old watch-tower in front is called Torre de Humbria.

Sailing up the Tinto, you will learn with surprise that Palos is no longer on its banks. The hand of time has fallen heavily on the little village; most of its inhabitants having been absorbed by degrees into the neighboring town of Moguer. It consists at present of only a few dozen houses, containing hardly four hundred inhabitants, and lies up among the hills, half a mile from the river. Not a trace of a wharf, not a store, not a large vessel, you can see to remind you that events destined to change the face of the earth for ever had once depended for their accomplishment on the heads and hearts of a few men assembled together in this out-of-the-way nook of Spain. Everything around is silent. Except the white monastery still standing on the distant pine-clad hill, nothing is left to tell you that in this remote corner were once grouped in earnest converse the great actors of one of the grandest and most sublime dramas of which this world has ever been the scene.

We had our last glimpse of Columbus at Genoa, a few days before his departure for active service under his granduncle Colon el Mozo, or the younger, as he was called, to distinguish him from another Columbus, also a great sea-captain. Then we saw him starting forth in all the freshness, confidence, enthusiasm, and inexperience of youth. Since that time let us suppose thirty-six years to have passed.

It was towards the evening of a dusty, sultry autumn day, in the year of our Lord 1485, when two travellers on foot and almost worn out with fatigue approached Palos by its southern road. It was easy to see that they were father and son, but to form any satisfactory idea as to who or what the father might be, required careful and attentive observation. This, few would be unwilling to bestow. From the humble garments,

thread-bare and covered with dust, the unassuming, steady gait with which he moved along, and from the melancholy countenance so often fixedly bent on the ground, the superficial observer might at once conclude that he was only a common peasant, grieving perhaps for some misfortune. But a second glance would quickly rectify his mistake and convince him that he stood in the presence of no ordinary man. Of tall stature, his form was robust yet of manly elegance. His face was a pure oval. His cheek bones were rather high, but his gracefully rounded cheeks softened the effect of this slight irregularity. The noble expanse of his forehead revealed the amplitude of his reflections. Habitual thought had wrinkled the arch of his eyebrows. His bright grey eyes were strong and keen. The curve of his aquiline nose ended in nostrils of regular shape but rather expanded. The strongly marked corners of his mouth rendered the beauty of that feature singularly expressive. His lower lip slightly projected beyond the upper—a sign, it is said, of a kind heart. A dimpled chin, a few freckles, a ruddy complexion, and hair white as snow since his thirtieth year, complete the portrait of this great man left us by his contemporaries.* They add that his senses were all remarkably keen. His ears could distinguish a sound where others heard none, and by his sight alone he could measure distances with great exactness. His sense of taste was also remarkably delicate, but the subtlety of his smell was wonderful. His vivid love of Nature had developed it to a surprising degree. Whether in rich gardens or wild forests, on desert plains or lofty mountains, on winding rivers or the wide ocean, he was frequently seen employing this sense with curiosity and satisfaction; the different odors seemed to afford him the deepest gratification, and often led him to discoveries that would otherwise have easily escaped his notice.

A second glance at his garments too would show that though of modest pretensions and rather travel-stained, they were neither ill-made nor torn, and were as clean as could be expected. His linen was very fine and white as snow, and if you went near enough you could detect the presence of a faint agreeable perfume around him—for even when on the ocean it was his custom to scatter roses, or black currant leaves, or orange flowers, in his clothes-chest. Even the portfolio in which he carried his charts and documents breathed a sweet odor. In short, in spite of being a poor, dust-covered pedestrian, it could soon be discovered that he was a perfect gentleman. His very look had an air of nobility and authority that enforced respect. His natural dignity was such, that though a poor wool carder's son, he could appear before kings and grandes with as much ease and grace as if he had been born in a court. In the words of the historian Oviedo y Valdez, "he seemed to be a nobleman and one born to command, as his profile and countenance very plainly declared."

Though now in his fifty-first year, his regular habits, notwithstanding the many hardships through which he had passed, had preserved his freshness and vigor to such a degree that, though they had been several days travelling on foot, he occasionally took up his young companion and carried him in his arms for miles without much effort. The boy might be eight or ten years of age, and had a singularly sweet and expressive countenance.

* See page 336. This engraving of the only reliable portrait of Columbus, attributed to his friend Antonio del Rincon, the great painter, hardly does justice to the original. The likeness is tolerably well preserved, but the lines are too strong, the shadows too dark, and of course, the expression instead of being mild and spiritual, becomes discontented and glowering.

It will take a few pages to account for the presence of the travellers in Spain.

After leaving Genoa, Columbus spent fifteen or sixteen years at sea, generally, but not always, under the command of his granduncle Colon el Mozo. During this time he became an accomplished seaman, visiting most parts of the known world, noticing carefully all the phenomena that came under his observation, extending his knowledge of nature in every varied aspect, and behaving at his profession with such distinction that he was at last appointed to the command of a vessel in his granduncle's squadron. In those unsettled times sailors had to fight so often that they might be called soldiers on water. Columbus had already taken his part in many a fierce engagement, when a singular event completely changed the direction of the course of his life. In a terrible battle fought by the Genoese against their hereditary foes, the Venetians, off Cape Vincent, the ship in which he commanded having taken fire, no resource was left him but to seize a large oar and to jump into the sea. The shore was two leagues distant, but being an expert swimmer he finally reached it. Here he was now, a penniless cast-away on the bleak coast of Portugal. Nevertheless, fervently thanking God for his wonderful escape, he set out with a good heart for Lisbon, where he had the satisfaction of finding his brother Bartholomew already respectably established. This was about the year 1470.

Long before this year several circumstances had combined to render Portugal the country in which the spirit of discovery was most boldly and most successfully carried out. In the first place, it enjoyed comparatively profound tranquillity. Spain, France, England, and the other nations of Europe were still engaged in the course of civil war, through which they had to pass before they could finally settle down into distinct, well defined, individual states. In the second place, the situation of Portugal eminently qualified her for maritime enterprize: the most western portion of the European continent, she was no stranger to the Great Ocean or its waters; cooped up on the land side, her only room for expansion was on the water. But even all these incentives to discovery might have done little but for the grand conceptions of one master-mind. Prince Henry of Portugal, during the reign of his father, John the first, had conceived the idea of spreading the truths of the Gospel among the idolators that inhabited the west coast of Africa. Retiring from the court, the better to examine the possibility of executing his plan, he built himself a retreat at Sagres, near Cape St. Vincent, and drew around him from every country a crowd of the most learned and able men he could find. From their knowledge and experience and a diligent examination of the works of the ancient Greek and Latin authors, he was led to conclude that Africa could be circumnavigated. If this idea proved true the results would be most important. A vast field would be opened for the spread of Christianity—the constant and always the leading idea in the mind of this good prince. The material interests of Portugal would be infinitely advanced. The wealth of Europe at that time was derived almost exclusively from the East. The gold, silver, jewels, silks, spices, perfumes and precious ointments of Arabia, India, China and the Spice Islands, were all carried over land to depots established by the Venetians, Genoese, and other Italian merchants, who distributed them through Europe, charging their own prices and making immense profits on the traffic. This land-transportation over those remote countries neither well

governed nor well provided with roads, was naturally very dangerous and difficult, and of course enormously increased the price of the commodities. If Africa could be circumnavigated, southern Asia could be reached by Portuguese vessels, the valuables could be purchased at first cost and brought at little expense to Europe, where, though sold for half the usual prices, they would still leave the enterprising navigators ample profit for all their trouble.

With these objects in view, Prince Henry labored on for nearly sixty years, from 1416, the date of the foundation of the College of Sagres, till the day of his death in 1473, but without complete success. It was long after his death that his countryman Vasco da Gama discovered the Cape of Good Hope. To us of the present day, when bold mariners sail around the world with as little hesitation and almost as much safety as if the voyage were only a trip on the Hudson from New York to Albany, this failure may seem rather strange. It will seem perfectly natural, however, if we only consider how little was known of navigation at the era of the commencement of these attempts. The art of printing had not then been invented. The use of the compass, though long ascertained, was known only to few, and to them not fully. The same may be said of a correct method of ascertaining the latitude. Mariners seldom ventured out of sight of land, and when they came to a bold, prominent cape, around which the waters raged and violent winds blew, they could not double it for want of sea room. They had no clear idea regarding the shape of the earth. Even the most learned were divided on that point. The torrid zone was considered by most to be a region of blazing fire, certain to consume whatever came within its reach. The daring navigators of Prince Henry therefore should not be considered timid or ignorant. They took the lead in effectually extirpating timidity and ignorance. They did for the East what Columbus did for the West. They were the pioneers of Discovery, however, and deserve the first honor. By improving the compass and the astrolabe they almost reduced navigation to a science. Little by little they crept along the African coast. Occasionally a storm came and drove them out to sea, but such misfortunes only gave them new encouragement. The Madeira Islands were reached, the Cape Verde Islands were discovered, and even at a distance of a thousand miles from European shores, the secret of the existence of the Azores was plucked from the dark bosom of the mysterious ocean by those hardy sons of Portugal. Let us never forget that it is to a Catholic prince, a Catholic college, and a Catholic nation, we are to ascribe the imperishable glory of opening the adventurous path in the great fields of modern discovery.

To encourage this noble spirit, his Holiness, Pope Martin the fifth, assigned to the crown of Portugal supreme authority over all the lands it might discover from Cape Bojador to the East Indies inclusive. This was the best and indeed the only means then possible to protect a weak power and secure its rights against the unjust aggression of a stranger. It was almost always successful, for the princes of Europe, at that time all Catholics, regarded the Holy See with profound veneration and scrupulously paid the highest respect to all such regulations.

In those days, thanks to the liberality of prince Henry and to the awakened spirit of discovery, Lisbon, of all the cities of Europe, might be called the focus of adventurous minds. Here the best seamen, the most learned scholars, the most enlightened geographers, or cosmolo-

graphers as they were then called, and the most skilful constructors of maps, could always be found. Bartolomeo Columbus being possessed of remarkable skill for the delineation of charts and the manufacture of nautical instruments, it is not surprising that he should have sought this city as the best field for the employment of his talents. He received his shipwrecked brother with delight, and Giustiniani, a contemporary Genoese historian, says he even instructed him in the art of constructing maps. Not unlikely, but Christopher was no burthen to him. His penmanship was very beautiful, and he handled the pencil as successfully as the pen. He drew maps and plans, copied manuscripts and transcribed rare books—for the art of printing being then only in its infancy in Portugal, skilful workmen were very rare, and books were still exceedingly dear. He also became a bookseller in a small way. He purchased and sold with some profit such books as his skill in geography and his love of study led him to conclude would be most acceptable to the Lisbon readers. Thus by writing, sketching, drawing and selling books, pictures and maps, he contrived not only to gain a respectable livelihood for himself but also to alleviate in a considerable degree the condition of his parents, whom even in their old age the misfortune of poverty had not forgotten to persecute. It was a beautiful trait in the character of this great man, and acknowledged even by his enemy Oviedo, in his *Historia de las Indias*, that neither at Lisbon nor elsewhere did he ever fail to provide for the wants of his poor parents in Genoa.

He was completely exempt from the vices and coarse habits to which sailors are so liable. He never swore, gambled, or drank strong liquors. He was singularly abstemious in his food, scarcely ever eating meat, and for a drink he preferred sweetened water, slightly perfumed, to wine. Though naturally choleric he succeeded in subduing his temper, and by his agreeable and engaging demeanor he made himself warmly beloved by his friends. His habits were distinguished for punctuality, order, and industry. He never acted at random and never put off to to-morrow what could be done to-day.

His piety was deep and genuine. Never forgetting the example and advice of his good mother, from his arrival in Lisbon he went regularly every morning to the Church of All-Saints, to hear mass. Adjoining the church was a convent containing a school, or at least a retreat for ladies. The distinguished air and pious habits of Columbus were remarked through the grating, and had the effect of inspiring a noble lady named Doña Felippa de Perestrello, with the liveliest interest on his account. She was the daughter of an Italian, Bartolomeo Mognis de Perestrello, a distinguished navigator under prince Henry. He had been appointed governor of Porto Santo, the northeasternmost of the Madeira Isles, with orders to colonise it. His efforts had been frustrated by a ridiculous though serious obstacle. Some rabbits introduced into the island had multiplied so prodigiously in a short time that, in spite of all the exertions of the colonists, they ate up all the vegetables, destroyed the plantations, and finally ruined the governor. He had lately died, leaving with his widow three daughters, whose beauty and virtues constituted their principal dowry.

This want of fortune, however, did not prevent Columbus from proposing nor the lady from accepting. They lived happily for several years at her mother's house, Columbus still being employed at his maps and manuscripts. His alliance with a family of such high standing proved

eminently serviceable in more ways than one. It introduced him to the greatest men of the court, and to the most eminent scholars of the country. It is said that, one day the King, Alphonso the fifth, was so much struck with his remarks concerning the possibility of reaching the eastern shores of Asia by sailing west, that he had brought out for his inspection some reeds of enormous size, which had been cast on the coast of the Azores by western tempests.

Though Alphonso was not the prince to assist him in carrying out his idea, Columbus now found himself possessed of every opportunity of developing it. His mother-in-law, struck with his ardent spirit of discovery, told him her husband's history and his many adventures. She also gave him all his notes and the journals of his voyages, by which he was made acquainted with the whole history of the African discoveries. Information of invaluable service to such a man. After some time he embarked with his wife, Doña Felippa, for Porto Santo, to look after some of her not very lucrative possessions there, and in that island his first son, Diego, was born.

Here, surrounded by the vast ocean, on the very highway of discovery, in constant intercourse with the boldest navigators of the day, passing and repassing, his grand project rapidly ripened. One of his wife's sisters had married Pedro Correo, the successor of Perestrello as governor of the island, and through his influence Columbus now possessed the means of extending his researches in most directions. He made several voyages to the coast of Guinea, and even to the Azores. In all his journeys and adventures he carefully noticed incidents and recorded observations, not so much for the sake of convincing himself of the truth of his theory as for the purpose of rendering it intelligible to others, and of convincing them of the feasibility of its execution. Let us not forget that these observations never originated his idea. When we come to examine them we shall see that, though reconcilable with his hypothesis and hardly to be accounted for by any other, they were by no means perfectly conclusive. The idea of *carrying out* the hypothesis originated with himself. That is the glory of Columbus. As Washington Irving says in his beautiful work, all these facts instead of starting the idea, served only to confirm Columbus in his opinion.

At last in 1476, when forty-one years of age, impelled by the mighty call, he tore himself from the dearest ties of home, family and friends, and went forth to take serious measures for its realization. His patriotism naturally led him at first to desire for Genoa the glory of the undertaking. He met there with little encouragement. Many openly ridiculed the idea. The Genoese generally, all skilful in the Mediterranean, knew little of ocean navigation. Those that deigned to consider the proposal seriously alleged the penury of the treasury. Or, what was true, that the desire of exploring was no novelty to the senate. But no good had come of it. Two captains belonging to the highest families, a Doria and a Vivaldi, two hundred years before, had started for the Great Ocean, but nothing since had ever been heard of them.

Repulsed from Genoa, and still desirous of preserving for Italy the glory and the advantages of the discovery, he applied to Venice, but with no better success. Before quitting his native land, perhaps for ever, he went to Savoria, whither his parents had retired from Genoa, with the hopes of bettering their condition. They were still struggling with adversity; his sister was married to Giacomo Bavarello, a pork butcher, and his two brothers, Pellegrino and Giacomo, lived at their father's

house, helping him at his little business. Pellegrino's health was very delicate, and he died soon after. Christopher seems to have made some stay here, assisting his family by every means in his power, and as submissive to his parents as he had been in his boyhood, thirty years before.

On his return to Portugal he found the zeal of discovery somewhat abated since the death of prince Henry, his brother, Alphonso the fifth, a feeble old man, being still seated on the throne.

Alphonso died at last in 1481, and to his successor, John the second, Columbus made application for the means of realising his conception. John seemed inclined to imitate the great deeds of his uncle, prince Henry. But some assert that Columbus set too high a value on his services: others, that the High Council, upon examination, did not approve of the project. However that may be, the proposal was rejected. But the king, unable to resist the force of Columbus' reasoning and the depth of his convictions, could not bear to live in uncertainty. In an evil hour, listening to the suggestions of wicked counsellors, he yielded to an act of perfidy that will leave a blot on his name for ever. He asked Columbus for all his papers, maps, and other documents, under the pretence of being willing to subject them to a new examination, and when he had obtained them from his unsuspecting victim, he delivered them to the ablest of his captains, with orders to sail, apparently, for the Cape Verde Islands, but really to steer a westwardly course across the ocean, strictly attending to the instructions so unjustly acquired. But the captain was not Columbus. The immensity of the *MARE TENEBROSUM* terrified him, and a storm drove him back to Portugal. Instead of covering the traitors with confusion, the failure only heaped fresh ridicule on Columbus. The king, however, discovering that the caravel had not followed the course for the prescribed number of days, saw that the problem was by no means solved, and appeared desirous of renewing negotiations. But the noble soul of the poor map-constructeur shrunk from the idea of further dealings with a court capable of such black treachery. His beloved wife had lately died: there was no longer any tie to bind him to Portugal. He put off the urgencies of the king, therefore, under various pretexts, until the year 1484, when, finding a favorable opportunity for quitting the country, he secretly withdrew from Lisbon, accompanied by his son Diego.

Once more his heart led him to his beloved Genoa. But the state of things there was worse than ever. His mother was dead. His father's removal to Savona had not improved his circumstances. The Republic subjected to the Duke of Milan had neither the means nor the spirit to assist him. He reinstated his father again in Genoa and provided for the support of his few remaining years as amply as his means permitted. And then with the old man's warmest blessings on his own and his son's head, he bade farewell to his native land, and, though fifty years of his allotted existence had already flown past, he set forth once more on his divine mission with confidence unshaken, with zeal undiminished.

O valiant heart! Poverty, Ridicule, and Treachery—the world's three savaggiest demons—may assail thee, but they assail thee in vain! Doubt keeps far from thee, Faith encompasses thee, Hope guides thee on, Love smooths thy path! Thou teachest us all a great lesson. Would that we could take its meaning!

He left Italy with the first east wind, having decided on making his next attempt in Spain, at that time the most chivalrous, renowned, and powerful kingdom in Europe.

To be continued.

A CHAPTER FROM THE LIFE OF SISTER ROSALIE.

(Translated from a recent Life of Sister Rosalie, just published in Paris by Viscount Molun.)

The Cholera and the Riots in the Faubourg Saint Merceau. 1832-1848.



attributed to the wickedness of men. To the countless victims of cholera were added those of popular fury.

Sister Rosalie was herself assailed with great terror; she foresaw the ravages which the disease was going to make in her quarter, where the bad air, the unwholesomeness of the food and dwellings, offered to it an easy prey in so many families already weakened by all kinds of privations and hardships; she trembled for the poor, for her sisters, for everybody; her soul was troubled and she prayed God to remove this chalice from her.

The day on which the cholera appeared, and the first victim was struck, all her terrors disappeared, and she became intrepid; as long as the contagion lasted, no weakness, no trouble, no fear attacked her soul; always the first in watching, in toil, at the head of all the acts of self-devotion which she inspired, she animated her assistants with her spirit of faith and charity, gave the most active and intelligent concurrence to the measures of government, to individual efforts, organized temporary hospitals,

IN 1832 it was reported that the cholera was at the gates of France. Its march across Europe, which nothing could arrest, the long train of funerals which marked its steps, the rapidity and certainty of its attacks, its fatal preference for unhealthy neighborhoods, sickly houses, bodies wasted by excesses and misery, all exhibited it to the people as an inexorable enemy; already on its route it had awakened the absurd prejudices, the atrocious suspicions, which, at all invasions of pestilential diseases, seize public imagination, and cause the scourges of God to be

converted to her purposes the good wills of others, and established everywhere order, promptness and continuance in her plans of relief. In presence of the dead, of the agonies and desolation of those who survived, Sister Rosalie, so sensitive, so easily moved to compassion, remained calm, serene, unshaken; she stifled for duty's sake her emotions and tears; her charity prevailed over her sensitiveness; she directed everything, provided everything, supported all, and hovered over her quarter like an angel of consolation and hope.

She had great trouble, in the beginning, to dispel the rumors of poisoning which were spread among the people: the physicians, the apothecaries, all those who approached the sick, were suspected of inoculating them with the plague; the residents of the faubourg Saint Marceau never suspected her, and always made an exception of her in their thoughts of vengeance: her name ever served as a protection and safe-guard to those who were pursued by popular hatred. In one of those moments of the highest excitement, and when the cholera was carrying off the most victims, Dr. Royer-Collard was accompanying a cholera patient whom they were carrying on a litter to the Mercy-hospital: he was recognized in the street; immediately the people shouted: "Catch the murderer!" "the poisoner!" A crowd collects and gathers around him, loading him with insults and threats. In vain he lifts the cloth which covered the face of the sick man, and attempts to prove that the physician in accompanying him seeks only to save him and not to destroy him: the sight of the man dying adds to their frenzy; their shouts and menaces are redoubled; a workman advances with a hatchet in his hand; when at the end of arguments, and seeing himself on the point of losing his life, Dr. Royer-Collard cries out: "I am a friend of Sister Rosalie." That makes a difference answered a thousand voices; and in an instant the mob disperses, and suffers him quietly to pass along.

As soon as the scourge was over, she accepted the inheritance of all the poor people who were dead; indefatigable laborer, she toiled to repair misfortunes, to adopt the orphans, to comfort the widows, and to provide a home for the old men who survived their unfortunate families.

In 1849, at the time of the second invasion, the cholera caused less noise and alarm; it did not carry with it the terrors of an unknown disease, and political disturbances diverted attention from it; but it was more murderous in the faubourg Saint Marceau than in 1832.

On a single day, in the parish of Saint Medard, one hundred and fifty deaths were counted, without including children; for more than a week, the Sisters did not sit down to table or take one moment's sleep: at every instant the bell rang, announcing a new patient and demanding new relief, and as the disease seemed more than the first time to concentrate itself in the quarters of the poor, to penetrate into cellars and garrets, to spare the rich, and even, notwithstanding their devotedness, the physicians and Sisters, the belief gained credit that the cholera was a stroke

of policy and vengeance to make the people more docile, to diminish their strength, and punish them for the revolution. It required the death of a Marshal of France, of several Representatives, of gentlemen of fortune and religious persons, to give a contradiction to these dangerous calumnies and to make it acknowledged that these afflictions did not come from men.

Sister Rosalie was in 1849 what she had been in 1832. Before the arrival of the scourge, and when its approach was announced, she felt again some anxiety and pain; as soon as it appeared, she recovered her calmness and energy; no one felt weak, lost courage, or yielded to fatigue in sight of her activity and courage; every one surpassed himself because she was raised above everybody; under her direction and her influence charity stripped disease of everything it was possible to take from it, averted remediable evils, saved the souls of those whose bodies it could not save, and when skill and care were impotent to exclude mourning from a house, it shut out despair.

The cholera assumed in the eyes of the populace its meaning and its formidable teachings; it bowed their head to the power and the justice of heaven, it led the people to an avowal of their sins, to the acknowledgment of the chastisement: its visit marked so often by passion and even by crimes, left only a sentiment of fear and repentance in the presence of God, and more admiration and gratitude for her who, in these days of visitation, had so well represented mercy.

Although always by the side of the sick, not one of the Sisters residing in the street d'Epée de Bois fell; only one was attacked, and she recovered; it was the only one who did not come in contact with the disease, being detained in the house by a sore leg which rendered her unable to walk.

During the invasion of the cholera, assistants from without were not wanting to Sister Rosalie; a large number of young men belonging to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul placed themselves under her direction and became brothers of charity to the sick; their zeal was not confined to the city of Paris; the factories of Montetaire were decimated, the victims were without nurses; in despair and universal terror they had recourse to the Sister of the Street d'Epée de Bois; she despatched to Montetaire and the surrounding country some of her generous soldiers. Animated with her spirit, they bestowed on the sick the attentions, the relief and kind words which imparted to the discouraged strength to rally; hope returned with them, confidence reappeared in the houses which they visited, and some time after the Bishop of Beauvais went to thank the Sister for having taken compassion on that portion of his flock.

The Asylum for little orphans was founded at this time in the Street of Pascal; in a few days seventy-nine orphans were admitted to it; Sister Rosalie went into every house to gather the children whom the plague had deprived, sometimes in a few hours, both of their father and mother.

She obtained for this establishment the generous assistance of Madame Mallet, who had shown to her an unbounded admiration and extreme affection. The Sister wished to direct herself the arrangement of the care of the whole house, and to ensure that nothing should be wanting to its poor little inmates; she passed without ceasing from her own house to the Street of Pascal, carrying at each visit some new idea, some new contrivance, to suit the requirements of this new undertaking. Soon, thanks to her care and the large contributions she obtained, the Asylum was successfully rid of the difficulties which embarrass the first beginnings of every new work. She found herself too much straitened in the small house in the Street of Pascal; being transferred to Menilmontant, it has remained faithful to the first traditions of its origin; its interior administration, the spirit of humility and poverty which prevails in it, the rule which the children follow, the simplicity in which they are reared, and the prudent idea which restores them, as soon as possible after their first communion, to everyday life and apprenticeship outside; all bear traces of the superior intelligence which watched over the cradle of that useful institution, and brought forth from the calamities of the cholera an establishment where youthful orphans find all the benefits of a secure asylum.

Sister Rosalie had to encounter a danger which seriously threatened this establishment, still in its infancy; she opposed with energy riots and revolutions; she did not like them in principle, for she looked for no good from those vague promises of liberty which have to resort to violence and oppression to accomplish their end; she mistrusted that advancement of justice and civilization which begins by the destruction of order and the violation of law; but she dreaded political disturbances, especially in her quarter. In the ranks of society against which they seem more particularly directed, riots and revolutions interrupt business, diminish incomes, check expenditures, and bring about an uneasiness and want where peace and plenty reigned; but their results are still more sad and painful for those who depend on their daily labor for their bread; the least disorder in the street puts a stop to labor, and consequently to wages, and changes the ordinary difficulties of life into real miseries.

Whatever may be the issue of the commotions they take part in, the people are sure always to be the dupes and victims of these bloody tragedies, while the greatest number of those who speak in their name, urge them to war, breathe into their ear thoughts of revolution, conceal themselves during the conflict, escape the consequences of defeat, and are the first to decree to themselves the rewards of victory; the poor populace are exposed to the dangers of the battle-field, to prison and exile, if defeated; to the loss of work and consequently of resources, if they conquer; for it always takes some time after the success of a revolution, to restore security to the capitalist, activity to commerce, order to society, and the workman has not, to supply him with patience, as the leaders of the party have, the portfolios, high offices and their share in the budget.

Then, after having suffered a great deal and waited a long time for the day of recompense, the man of the people remains what he was before, a laborer, when he does not become a pauper. Therefore, did this good Sister use all her influence to shelter her faubourg from political prejudices and popular tumults.

By her efforts to secure their welfare, she had gained an immense popularity among the residents of her district; they were proud of their mother—the coarsest of them treated her with politeness, the most mutinous never approached her but with respect. The government itself knew her power, and regarded her intervention as the safest barrier against disorder.

During the two revolutions in which the people had their hour of sovereignty, in 1830 and 1848, she employed her ascendancy for the promotion of peace and saved the conquerors from the abuse of their victory. When the rebels acknowledged no other authority than their own, they still obeyed the voice of Sister Rosalie; those days in which public authorities themselves could not pass those narrow streets, which seemed built for civil conflicts, the Sister went as she pleased, performed the duties of the police, re-established order, stopped the throwing up of barricades and caused the paving stones to be put back in the streets. She snatched more than one doomed person from the fury of the populace. At the moment in which—victims of anti-christian passions and calumnies—priests were insulted in the streets, churches threatened, the archiepiscopal palace taken by assault and demolished,* the house of Epèe de Bois served as a retreat to the religious, whose only crime was to devote themselves night and day to the salvation of those who cursed them. Sister Rosalie received them and treated them, as in other times, during persecutions, holy women welcomed to their homes and waited on the ministers of the Lord; she also offered an asylum to Monseigneur de Quelen, obliged to conceal himself in his own diocese like a robber, only to reappear at the summons of the cholera on his throne at Notre Dame, to revenge himself on his persecutors by adopting their orphan children.

When she described these scenes afterwards, those passing days of wild fury, she always took care to add, to justify the men of her district: "They did not know we had all those holy priests in our house, but if they had known it, they would have helped us to protect them." And in fact, some time after, on one of the bloody days of June, some religious women who attended to the education of little girls, heard threats of incendiarism uttered against their institution; in their trouble and alarm they had recourse to Sister Rosalie; she told them to be comforted; the same evening, at her instance, a guard of armed men was placed before the house,

* Sister Rosalie had been warned of the destruction of the palace by a poor fellow who the evening before had refused a check for bread, saying: we do not want tickets, to-morrow we shall plunder the Archbishop's palace.

and the commander ordered his soldiers not to make any noise for fear of disturbing the rest of the Sisters and the little girls. The order was faithfully executed.

But her protection was not confined to those whom the successful revolution pursued with its vengeance; she also had compassion on the men, who, engaged in these civil broils, had to stand trial for their rebellion against the victorious government; she visited them in their prisons, sought to aid them in every way, often even succeeded in saving them; faithful to her mission of personating charity on earth, she had but one aim and one thought, to avert the blow from the head on which it was about to fall, to shield the fugitive and the proscribed from prosecution. She successively protected society and those who had fallen under its strong arm; she stayed the blows of vengeance, no matter what their cause or pretext.

To be continued.

THE LAST OF THE HOURS.

IN the famous fresco, known as the Aurora, by Guido Reni, in the Rospigliosi Palace at Rome, the last of the Hours—the farthest from the chariot of the Sun—wears a darker robe than her companions and is the only one whose head is covered. Her face is by far the most beautiful in the group, though its expression is pensive.

DAUGHTER of light! thy gaze, methinks, is sad—

Thy hooded vesture hath no bloom of flowers—

Why, 'mid so blithe a host, art thou not glad?

What grief hath stung thee, fairest of the Hours?

Is it that Heaven's own children, when their lot

Is bent to human circumstance, like thine,

Share the near sorrows which themselves have not,

And 'round the immortal brow earth's cypress twine?

When at the couch of pain the morning calls,

Thou art the last to chase the fevered dream;

When welcome night upon the weary falls,

Thine is the ling'ring, last, intrusive beam!

Of those that love and part, the vigils pale

Are they not thine—and thine the watcher's sigh,

As, with wet eyes, she sees the misty sail

Sink down, with thee, beneath the twilight sky?

Hast thou not seen—nay see'st thou not, each day—

Youth, purity, and truth, and trust, depart—

Dreams vanish—struggles ended—hopes decay—

And change, cold as the grave, come o'er the heart?

Thou too art Death's own hour—the dim, the dread—

In whose wan light his shadow creepeth o'er

The opening, awful pathway we must tread,

And the loved places we shall know no more.

Yet not all sad thy round! The passing bell
 Gives thee oftentimes sweet music as it rings—
 There are deep joy-notes even in its knell,
 For sorrow dieth, like the brightest things!

The dew that at the haunted even-tide
 Thou wepest, as last mourner o'er the day,
 Last Hour of night! are not its tear drops dried,
 By the wild morning's first exultant ray?

Though thine the woe of partings—know'st thou not
 Long absence over—joy come home anew?
 'Mid hopes and dreams that leave us, why forgot
 Are anguish, doubt, despair, departed too?

And e'en when life goes wasting, with thy sands,
 And tears fall fast, and, in the noiseless tread,
 The quivering whisper, the cold clasped hands
 And the wild prayer—half madness—may be read

Our mortal story's ending—even then
 How oft, last Hour, is there a light that springs
 Out of thy darkness, which the fears of men
 Can dim not nor o'ershadow—but which flings

A glory, brighter than the noon day's, 'round
 The bed thou watchest, until grief and dread
 Blaze into triumph, and the trumpet's sound
 Swells high with welcome as it calls the dead!

Let then the daughter of old Chaos wear
 The robe of shadows and the mantled brow!
 Unbind thy tresses to the rosy air,
 And to the Sun, with sunshine, answer Thou!

X.

WORDS AND THOUGHTS.—No. VI.

MORAL INSANITY.—The false humanitarian philosophy of the age has rapidly developed the sad consequences long foreseen by those who have been guided by the sound teachings of the Church, or who, outside of the Church, have still adhered to the traditional doctrine of moral responsibility which she inspired into civilization. The restraints which the teachings and practices of the Church, particularly the confessional, placed upon the soul in the very first step towards crime, by insisting upon the power to choose between good and evil, and demanding atonement even for the thought or wilfully entertained desire of evil—thus obstructing its outset as well as its whole progress with the stings of conscience, and the necessity of repentance, penance and restitution, while holding up the consolation of forgiveness—once thrown aside and mocked at, the ambitious, the revengeful or the avaricious spirit has no help in resisting its own temptations but the fear of the civil law and its punishments. For the sin of the

heart in thought, the law has no punishment; and the heart therefore sins with impunity. But desires lead to acts. The first step cannot be punished, and it is only the first step that appals. The fear of punishment loses its power over the corrupted heart, and the easy descent of crime to its lowest depths is made.

The mind thus robbed of its moral restraints, habituated to the contemplation of crime and entertaining the desire of its commission, yields to that depraved desire, whenever the most powerful motive of immediate fear does not arrest it. And as if the powers of evil had combined together to snatch from the poor erring soul this motive of fear, the last check to its utter perdition—this very sinful state of the mind habituated to the contemplation of crime, is to be made the excuse for its commission and a protection from punishment salutary alike to the offender and society, under the plea of moral insanity.

A poor wretch, in a passion, commits an assault; or, half starved, steals. He is convicted and punished. Well—it is right. He was insulted, or taunted, or incensed by some one, and he beats that some one. That was quite rational and exceedingly logical, as human nature goes—of course he was not morally insane. Or being hungry, he steals a loaf, perhaps, or a ham, or some petty larceny affair, to relieve his pressing wants. Rational, again—no one thinks of setting up the defence of moral insanity. He is not steeped deep enough in crime for that. He is convicted and punished; and justly, for the law could have redressed the injury if real, and the public relieved the want if deserving.

But a great dashing offender, beyond necessity, swindles to the amount of thousands, issues false railroad bonds and shares, or floods the market with forged paper—he is morally insane! That is, he has thought, lived, acted crime, until it becomes a part almost of himself; and as he ought not to have done so, and knows it, but has done so and will do so again upon the first occasion with the hope of impunity, he is not to be held responsible for it. He is not insane or unconscious of guilt or a believer in blind necessity, but so depraved in his moral views by his habit of sin, that he is to be permitted to sin on with impunity.

So great villains escape, terrible crimes go unpunished; and therefore the number of great villains multiplies, and the frequency of terrible crimes at length startles the world to reflection.

Huntington forges perhaps twenty millions of paper—his counsel set up the plea of moral insanity, already often successful in screening criminals, and attempt to sustain it by proving that he has been a swindler and a forger almost from his boyhood. His Boston cotemporary in grand villainy shields himself behind the instigation of the devil—a plea true in fact and beyond doubt, but quite insufficient in a Christian country. But the evil has become too startling. Juries, at last, shrink from giving a loose rein to such evil doers, particularly as their own pockets may suffer next. Huntington is sent to the penitentiary to recover his moral sanity; and the Boston man who sinned as the devil's proxy, as the devil's proxy receives the punishment of the sin.

SILVA; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LORENZO.

(Translated from the French.)

CHAPTER XI.—*Continued.*

Silva pressed the hand of his friend with tears in his eyes; Emil's transports did not reassure him; he felt that he could not prolong his stay at Tudor Hall if the marchioness undertook to remove him; and the inconstancy of a light mind, until now so frivolous as that of the young lord, caused him the most lively apprehensions. Nevertheless, Silva and Mr. Moore were not idle. They commenced their secret conferences the same evening; Emil received with docility and without prejudice their first instructions: piety seemed to open the way to his heart; he was frightened at having lived so long a time without fear, in an independence of mind and conduct so dangerous, and formed other plans of life. Fifteen days effected a real change in this young man, who had never considered the price of his soul, of eternity, of future rewards and punishments, and the fearful consequences had death surprised him in this fatal and false security. Become more serious, thoughtful and often melancholy, he spoke no more of pleasures and dissipation: retirement, virtue, and search after true happiness occupied all his thoughts; his house had entirely changed its appearance.

All these new sentiments could not escape the penetrating Marchioness of Montrose; she divined the source and author of this change. The suspicions which had determined and hastened her arrival, being verified, she took the surest means of accomplishing her end; she wrote to the Count of Walsingham to beg him to recall his son: her letter was urgent, though polite. Silva, said she, engrossed the mind of Emil and takes advantage of his weak state of health to lead him according to his personal interests; she added, that she preferred addressing Lord Walsingham to offending Silva, by requiring his departure.

Lord Henry immediately conjectured that the fear that his son would convert Emil, was the only motive that governed this ambitious woman, who being the sole heir to the immense wealth of the young Tudor, might reasonably dread any change that could place a barrier between them.

He showed me the letter: we felt the pain that it would give his son; but he did not hesitate to comply with the marchioness' request, fearing, with reason, that she might lead Silva into difficulties in a country where the Catholics were daily more persecuted, and nothing was more important for them than to avoid everything that would attract public attention. He then wrote these few words to Silva:

"My son, I have weighed well the greatness of the motives which detain you at Tudor Hall—for still stronger reasons I wish your presence here; I expect you Sunday evening.

Your affectionate father and true friend,

HENRY WALSINGHAM."

Silva was in the room with Emil when he received this letter. Mr. Moore, who was absent since the day before, would not return for three or four days. Silva opened the note before his friend, but whilst reading it, he changed color; his eyes filled with tears, he gave the paper to Emil, and rising, went and threw himself on his knees before a *prié-dieu*, placed in his chamber.

"Will I then not obey the immutable will, made known to me by the mouth of my father? and this work so happily commenced, is it I who have done it? Is it not rather He who alone can finish it—and what need has He of a feeble instrument like me? Ah! if Mr. Billingham, my respected friend, were here, he would tell me to obey, and cast your troubles into the bosom of God; he will comfort you and destroy the cause of them."

He arose more composed and returned to Emil. "I must leave you; but if ever I was dear to you, you will not forget me, and you will persevere in the desire of being united in the same faith and belief."

"And are you going to leave me at the very time you are most necessary to me?" cried Emil; "at a moment when I must arm myself with all my courage to resist the persecutions of my family, whom my change of religion will irritate against me; in circumstances, in fine, in which I shall most need a guide, a defender, a friend, such as you alone are always for me."

"All these human reasons are very feeble, and if we rely upon them, they will fail us," replied Silva, in a different tone. "God alone will be your strength, my beloved friend; He alone will sustain you—He must do it, He has never frustrated the hopes of those who relied on Him, and all mine are in His love; He must protect and save him, whom I abandon to obey him."

Tears choked Silva's voice. Emil solicited him again a long time; he did not separate from him till about one o'clock in the morning, when he felt the need of rest and no longer able to sustain this painful conflict.

Silva conducted him quietly to his chamber, embraced him, still shedding tears, and returned to his own room, where he passed the remainder of the night in prayer. At four o'clock in the morning, he threw himself upon his horse, and without any other preparation, leaving a letter of farewell, in which his whole soul had collected all its strength to console his dear Emil, to strengthen and confirm his dispositions, he set out for Grove Castle, where he arrived on Sunday morning, almost without stopping, and only to take what was absolutely necessary for himself and his horse.

CHAPTER XII.

Nearly five months had elapsed since Silva was separated from his father and Edmund; the aspect of the ancient towers of Grove Castle touched his heart—he alighted from his horse in the village, left it at a farm house and continued on foot. He represented to himself the grief, perhaps even some outburst of passion of Emil, in hearing of his departure; but to all the reproaches which grief and nature made him, he opposed this unanswerable reasoning: "All things here below happen by the order or permission of God. The good which his presence at Tudor Hall might have effected, or the evil resulting from his departure, were in the hands of this supreme judge, who had expressed His will by the mouth of his father; ought he to think his submission would be punished

by Him who permits not the least good action to go unrecompensed." He raised his soul to God with new confidence, offered himself and his dear Emil to Him on the altar of his heart; and feeling more calm, he arrived at the castle at the moment of breakfast.

He entered without announcing himself, and going straight to Lord Walsingham, he bent his knee to the floor and asked his blessing. This good and tender father raised him up and pressed him to his heart; an amiable smile ill disguised the oppressed and suffering air of this interesting young man. Mr. Kennelly embraced him, and I also.

Edmund alone remained at his place with his eyes cast down, and in such a state as moved me to the very soul. Silva, always attentive to the sufferings of others, suspected the cause of his brother's silence; all his feelings were roused; he flew to his arms; their tears were mingled.

"O my generous friend," said Edmund, with a choking voice, "dare I still call you my brother?" Silva's transports answered.

When they were both a little composed, Henry made his son take something and asked him circumstantial details of his sojourn at Tudor Hall, and news of the young Lord Emil. Silva informed us in the first place of Sir Lois, who was still at Bath, detained there by affairs of Lord B's inheritance; but his correspondence with Mr. Kennelly gave the most consoling assurances of his perfect conversion. Henry, who suspected that his son could not resolve to speak of Emil, turned the conversation.

After breakfast, Edmund begged Silva to come and walk with him. They went out together. The former was perfectly re-established in health; his profound melancholy had nevertheless resisted all remedies. It could not be attributed to what he had suffered; but Lord Walsingham and I were convinced that it was not the effect of any physical malady—but that bitter and continual repentance was the sole cause of it. When they were alone—

"Silva," said Edmund, "I will not speak to you either of my crime or my grief; you can better than any one else appreciate the extent of it—deign only to tell me all I owe you for the preservation of the Count of Tudor, and tell me in what state you left him."

A deep sigh prevented Silva from answering; then after a short silence he related to Edmund all that had passed between him and Emil, until his return to Grove Castle.

"And the motives of Lord Walsingham for recalling you, do you know them?" said Edmund.

"I do not, nor do I desire to know them," replied Silva; "the will of my father is that of God himself, and if I have suffered in obeying, it is a proof of my imperfection, which has rendered it less free and less entire; but speak to me of yourself," continued he.

At these words, Edmund burst into tears. Silva, touched at his deep grief, which these last words had renewed, pressed him to his bosom, and making him sit down on a bench at a little distance, said:

"Why, dear Edmund, do you abandon yourself to such bitter affliction; has not God watched over you in preserving your life and that of Emil? Your sorrow is pleasing to him—but it must have just limits. The great ardor of your natural disposition might have drawn you into irreparable misfortunes, from which heaven has preserved you. Bless it, and let a tender confidence re-establish peace in your soul."

To banish this painful subject, Silva spoke quickly of Mr. Brendfort;

he was established at Grove Castle; Lord Walsingham was satisfied with his conduct. Edmund had already paid him several visits. They went to his house together. What was the surprise of Mr. Brendfort to recognize in the son of Lord Walsingham him who had spoken to him at the presbytery! His embarrassment was soon relieved by the kindness of the young lord, who invited him to dine at the castle on the following day. Then they went through the village. Silva thanked his friend affectionately for the care he had taken of his poor during his absence. They then came back to the castle; Lord Walsingham was very well pleased at their invitation to Mr. Brendfort.

The next day the latter did not make them wait for him. Lord Henry also invited Mr. Bills to enliven the company.

"God be praised," said the good old man to the count, "your little angel has returned; I took care not to die before he came back; but now God may take me when he pleases."

"You do not fear death, Mr. Bills," interrupted Edmund.

"It would illy become me, at my age, not to think of it; I was eighty years old last spring. Moreover, after seventy, one counts no more on life, or rather one should never count upon it. I have seen so many go before me, I may very well expect my turn. An old age," added he, laughing, "is not so amusing that I should not desire the moment when God will re-clothe me with eternal youth. You will not know me in paradise, you who have not seen me when I was young."

"One is very happy," interrupted I, "when he can think so calmly of a moment which the greater part of men dread, and others brave through an absurd philosophy, of which they will sooner or later become the victims."

"In the end," said Lord Walsingham, "as we live, so we die; the surest means not to fear death, is to live always in consequence of it, and unhappy he who passes a single day, a single hour, in a state in which God could condemn him to eternal death."

Edmund, placed next to his uncle, supported his hand upon that of the count with a convulsive movement, and fainted. We raised him up; I opened the door—the fresh air reanimated him; he excused himself for the trouble he had given, and came back to the table. We had no occasion to ask him the reason of the state in which we had seen him; our hearts divined it; his mute and expressive grief discovered the agony of his soul. As soon as Edmund revived, Lord Walsingham turned the conversation. They were speaking of political affairs. The Duke of Norfolk was a prisoner on account of his adhesion to Mary Stuart; they foresaw the destiny of this illustrious captive.

A few days after the return of Silva, that of Mr. Moore sensibly afflicted him, in consequence of the grief in which his departure from Tudor Hall was about to plunge his dear Emil. He was doubly grieved when he knew that it was the Marchioness of Montrose who had discharged Mr. Moore, by interdicting him the castle, where she exercised full authority.

Silva wrote several letters to Emil, without receiving any answer.

Meantime, Lord Walsingham received news from London, where the presence of Silva and his signature were indispensable to terminate the business relative to the estate of his mother Caroline, which he was to inherit entirely by her will, from the age of sixteen, and he was now nearly eighteen.

Count Henry had never intended to allow his son to go to this capital without him, which had become a scene of troubles and persecutions of every kind to the Catholics; but Edmund's state of languor, the danger it might lead to, and the fear that he would join him in spite of his prohibitions, shook his resolution of going to London and caused him great perplexity. He consulted me; I offered to accompany his son to the capital, where I was obliged to go on account of my own business. He accepted this plan and communicated it to the two young gentlemen the same day. Silva promised his father to be prudent, not to prolong his stay in London longer than absolutely necessary, and the departure was fixed for the following day.

In the evening, Silva being alone in his chamber, after having prayed a long time and written several pressing letters, was stretching himself upon the floor to take a little rest, when he saw a man concealed under his bed. Surprised, he got up, and returning to his prié-dieu, put himself on his knees, pondering in his mind whether he had given any one cause of hatred or revenge, and what could be the design of the intruder. He thought with bitterness of the state of this soul, a prey to some violent temptation, and very little disturbed about himself, he reflected on what manner he could prevent the guilty creature from consummating his crime, and save at the same time his honor. Had it not been for this last consideration, he would have gone out to call for help, but he wished to save the life as well as the soul of this miserable being.

Undecided what to do, he prayed with extraordinary fervor for the conversion of him who was devising the means to deprive him of life. In fact, whilst he was prostrate, the assassin believing the moment favorable, got up suddenly from under the bed, and throwing himself upon Silva, gave him two blows with a poignard. The young Walsingham received one of them in the arm, which was wounded slightly, and parried the other, in seizing the murderer and disarming him. He was a young domestic, whom Edmund, in a moment of quickness had dismissed several months before, and who had since then sought in vain for comfort in his extreme misery.

"My friend, what evil have I done you?" said he, with the most tender gentleness.

The latter falling on his knees: "I am deceived," said he; "I am very unfortunate—I never wished to take the life of Lord Silva."

He trembled so much, that Silva made him sit down, and gave him a glass of water, which he broke with his teeth in his fright and agitation.

"Be calm," said the young lord, "your life is safe, only do not make a noise, lest my brother or Mr. Kennelly, whose rooms are near mine, may have some suspicion. For me, I promise you inviolable secrecy on what has passed; only have pity on your soul. My God! what has led you to commit this murder, and what victim have you chosen?"

Wils was the name of the domestic. He declared that he thought he was in Edmund's chamber; and since he had been sent away, he had never ceased to desire an opportunity to be revenged. He promised, with tears, to have recourse to the sacrament of penance, and to return to the way of virtue.

Silva was for a moment pensive; he did not wish to abandon this soul, still on the brink of the abyss.

"I set out day after to-morrow for London—I will take you in my service and you will come with me. My father, who knows I have sought

you to ameliorate your condition—Edmund has himself seconded me in this design—they will not, therefore, be surprised at my choice."

Then he made him take a glass of wine, conceal carefully the poignard, enveloped his arm in his pocket-handkerchief, and going out softly, he conducted Wils to the chapel, where he remained with him for some time. He lead him afterwards out of the castle by the park gate. The next morning he went to the place where he had given him a lodging, and brought him back, informing us that he had found him and taken him in his service. He gave him his breakfast in the office, and went again to see him after breakfast and made all the necessary preparations for our departure.

Edmund was charmed that his brother had discovered this unhappy creature—gave him himself some guineas, reproaching him for not having come to the castle when he was in distress. The latter was overwhelmed with confusion, and received the money weeping.

Silva took his father aside, and told him, without entering into details, that this young man had been exposed to violent temptations, and that the care of his soul, still more than his temporal wants, had induced him to take him in his service. The count, knowing the tender charity and prudence of Silva, approved of all he had done.

The same day Wils made his confession to Mr. Moore, and we set out the following morning.

The farewells were much more affecting than I had expected. Silva had taken leave the evening before of Mr. Brendfort, whom he left to Edmund's and Mr. Kennelly's care; he had also seen Mr. Bills, whom he did not expect to meet on his return.

At the moment of parting, he threw himself on his knees before his father, asked his pardon for any displeasure he might have caused him, and implored his paternal benediction.

Henry blessed him, pressing him to his heart. "Remember," said he, "that I confide in your wisdom; preserve me my son—my consolation, the support of my life, all my hope upon earth."

Silva appeared to conceal with difficulty his violent emotion; he put the arm of the count in Edmund's; he reanimated his courage, recalling the counsels of Mr. Billingham, and added: "Never forget that this life is short—that all is useless, if we do not procure a happy eternity." Then wiping his tears and approaching Mr. Kennelly with an expressive smile: "Never," said he, "will you hear that your pupil has despised your advice or dishonored your cares; pray for me, I entreat you, pray to our Lord for me, who is all my hope, my strength and my courage."

Mr. Kennelly embraced him and we departed with Mr. Moore, who accompanied us within twenty miles of London. We left him in a village where his attendance was needed. An extraordinary joy shone in Silva's countenance in proportion as we approached the capital. We entered it in the night; I conducted him to a hotel which I knew. We could get but one chamber for us two, and a cabinet for Wils, who alone accompanied us.

CHAPTER XIII.

Lord Silva appeared very much fatigued; I was dreadfully so, for we had had a forced ride, in order to reach London the same day.

I went to bed without my supper. Silva took a glass of water, put it

on the table and threw himself on the bed without undressing, saying it was too late. His true motive, however, was lest I should perceive his wound, for as soon as he thought me asleep, he arose quietly, took off his coat, dipped his handkerchief in the glass of water placed near him, and applied it to his arm, from which, doubtless, he suffered much, as it had not been dressed, and we had traveled a long road in intense heat. Not suspecting that he was wounded, I did not dare offer my services, nor even to show that I was awake, thinking that he had an abcess or a blister on his arm, which he did not like me to see.

Next morning his color was so bright, that I did not doubt that he had fever. I asked him if he had rested.

"No," said he, "but it was not necessary." He looked at me for a long time with a pensive air, then taking my hand: "My lord," said he, "a great project occupies me. I could not communicate it to you, but the esteem I have professed for you demands my confidence, and I dare to hope that you will not attempt to deter me from the fulfilment of a design with which heaven has inspired me. The Duke of Norfolk is a prisoner," continued he, with enthusiasm; "alone and among the persecutors of the faith; perhaps not only deprived of the assistance of religion, but even those consolations, which though feeble, raise up the soul and sustain its courage, so often ready to fail us in these frightful circumstances. For some time this illustrious captive has been constantly present to my mind; the desire of seeing him, of recalling his last interview with Lorenzo, and assuring myself of his dispositions, alone engage my thoughts. Heaven itself has removed all the obstacles in sending me to London without Lord Walsingham. I will see the duke at whatever cost, and I read in your eyes that your beautiful soul applauds my design, notwithstanding the dangers it may bring upon me."

I really felt for the Duke of Norfolk the full value of an interview with this pious young man. I pictured to him, however, the dangers to which he was going to expose himself. They did but enflame his ardor. He enquired of the governor of the prison where the duke was. I advised him to address himself to Duke Alphonse D., whose merit I knew; he would not allow me to accompany him, entreating me to keep myself aloof in this affair, that I might afterwards, in case of need, be able to assist him; besides, being personally known to the Duke D., I would be obliged to discover his name, which he wished to conceal.

The Duke Alphonse was absent and would not return to London till evening.

Silva employed this day with men of business, regulated many things with an admirable celerity and prudence, then having affectionately recommended to me his servant Wils, he went, towards seven o'clock, to the Duke D's. He was introduced into the parlor, where he waited nearly half an hour. Stopping before a picture representing the Last Supper, he fell into such a profound meditation, that the entrance of the person for whom he was waiting did not arouse him from it.

"Is it this picture which causes your reflections?"

"No, my lord," replied Silva with a respectful timidity, "but having come to solicit a favor from your highness, I have commenced by interesting Him who alone can render you favorable to me, or the contrary."

The Duke Alphonse smiled. He was a man of about forty years of age; the imposing air and stern gravity of his countenance were tempered by much affability of manner.

"A favor!" repeated he, "I have no employment, and I do not wish to have any one—I have then nothing for any one to do."

"My lord," replied Silva, "Duke Howard of Norfolk is a prisoner, and confided to your relation and intimate friend—is it possible to see him?"

The duke frowned. "It is not I whom you must address; the Duke of Norfolk is a traitor, an ambitious man. Moreover, I do not meddle in his affairs—he is my personal enemy, that suffices; it shall never be said that I have used the justice of the government to serve my private revenge."

"This is a noble sentiment," said Silva; "but to love and aid an unfortunate enemy is still more so."

"Young man, your frankness pleases me; nevertheless, the cause of Howard is not a just one—were he my brother, I would not speak in his favor." Then after a short silence: "Your age and your candor interest me," continued the duke; "listen to me, renounce the desire of seeing Lord Howard—you will obtain it at the price of your life or your liberty."

"Ah! lord," exclaimed Silva vehemently, "I will see him; were it but one hour, I would be satisfied—and this hour I would not consider too dearly purchased had I to pay it by a thousand deaths."

"Strange young man—what is your name? your family? Are you then an orphan, alone in the world, that you make so little account of life?"

"My father cherishes me tenderly, but he knows as well as I do, that God has only given him a son, that he may be able to offer him to Him, if His glory and His love require it. My name is Silva, my family is Scotch. Are you Scotch? You know, perhaps, what has become of the son of the Marquis of Rosline?"

"I know that he desires to remain unknown."

"Without doubt, he supports his father's party."

"The party of the queen? where is it? What heart is generous enough to defend it? For more than sixteen years she has been a captive—her own kingdom against her—Elizabeth is her persecutor, and when even the king himself, her son, has forsaken her!"

"Your sincerity is great; I doubt whether you are aware of the dangers to which it will expose you in this capital."

"It is true that at present English liberty is only a name; but I know to whom I speak. It is no small satisfaction to me to converse freely before a lord whom I esteem sufficiently to dare do it without fear."

The duke smiled, and affectionately taking Silva's hand: "Sir, has your father sent you here to see the Duke of Norfolk?"

"No, my lord, he is ignorant of my intention."

"Well, listen to me, my young friend; give it up and respect the peace of your father. I cannot repeat it too often, you will be the victim of your zeal—and what if one interview could change the fate of the prisoner? You do not know what a trial it is to the heart of a father to lose his child." Tears streamed from the eyes of Duke Alphonse.

"Are you a father, my lord?"

"Yes, I have a son and a daughter; this last has been attacked by a slow fever for the last three months; she is dying!"

The deep feeling of the duke moved Silva very much, without in the least moderating his desire, maturely reflected on, to see the duke, at whatever price. He again insisted on it.

"To see the duke is not difficult," replied lord Alphonse, who felt him-

self most favorably prepossessed towards this young man, in whom every-thing revealed an illustrious birth, a distinguished education, and most noble sentiments; "but I tremble to allow you to return to the city, where your frank and sincere language may draw you into frightful difficulties. Remain here to-night; I will have an apartment prepared for you, and to-morrow morning at dawn of day, they will conduct you to the prison. The jailor is the father of the stewardess of my hotel—I will send for him; I must however warn you, that it depends neither on me, nor on your friends, to restore you to your family. If they discover your sentiments, your country, your attachment to the Queen of Scots, you will never repass the threshold of the door you have crossed to see the illustrious criminal."

Silva graciously thanked the duke, and accepted his offers to see Lord Howard.

"You will sup with me," said Duke Alphonse in a friendly tone, more and more charmed with the generous conduct of this young stranger, and conducting him to the dining room, he presented him to his son Frederick, a young man of about twenty years of age, of a pleasant and amiable address.

It was about nine o'clock, when one of the domestics entered in great alarm.

"My lord," said he, "the pavilion in the garden is on fire, it is en-veloped in flames."

"Great God!" cried the duke, "and my poor sick daughter, who will be able to save her?"

Frederick turned pale, and taking the arm of Silva: "O heaven! it is my work," said he; "come with me, let us fly to save my sister."

"Do not expose yourself, Frederick," replied the duke, "let me go."

Silva made a sign to the young lord to detain his father, and following the servant, he arrived at the pavilion, traversing the garden by the fearful light of the conflagration. There they pointed out to him lady Malvina's chamber—it was already in flames, and without losing a moment, he seized a ladder and ascended into the chamber environed in flames. He took the unconscious sick lady, wrapped her in the bed clothes, and not daring, with such a burden, to trust himself on the ladder leaning on the half-consumed wall, he sought another egress, and passing over half-broken floors, he reached at last a stone staircase, whose steps, though burning hot, permitted him to leap and leave this dangerous dwelling. He did not stop until he arrived at the plain in front of the castle, when the duke and Frederick ran to him, in cruel agony. He placed Malvina in their arms, and joining his hands fervently: "I am happy," said he to Duke Alphonse, "to have preserved your child—this remembrance will embellish my life."

"I owe you everything," said the lord, vehemently,—"O, young stranger, why do I not know you?" He stopped after these few words, and his heart appeared occupied with a crowd of sentiments which he could not express.

It was a very restless night. The pavilion was entirely consumed, and presented only ruins. The duke repeated continually that he regretted nothing, since his daughter was saved.

The next morning as soon as they were assembled in the parlor, they came to tell the duke that the father of the stewardess was there, and that he awaited his orders; then coming to Silva:

"The jailer is here," said the Lord Alphonse; "generous young man, are you still determined?"

Silva shook his hand in a transport of joy. The jailer entered.

"Be prudent," said the duke to him; "contrive an interview between this young man and the Duke of Norfolk, and endeavor to bring him back as soon as possible."

"I cannot answer for it," replied the man, "for it is not twenty-four hours since two Scotch gentlemen were admitted to the Duke of Norfolk. I received orders, when they left him, to shut them up in a particular dungeon, where they are still."

"No matter," said Silva, "provided I can see him." Then going up to the Duke Alphonse, he enquired the state of his daughter's health, and learning that the most celebrated physicians of London had exhausted all their remedies on her without being able to cure her, he informed him that Mr. Moore had been singularly successful in curing the same disease at Grove Castle.

The duke appeared very anxious to have his attendance for Malvina. Silva promptly wrote a little note to his friend and gave it to the duke. He opened his heart to him with entire confidence, and begged him to neglect nothing to procure for the sick lady not only the health of the body, but the spiritual lights of which her family was deprived. After these arrangements, he took leave of the duke, saluted Lord Frederick with an affectionate respect, who embraced him and promised him he would never forget that he owed his cherished sister to him.

To be continued.

L I N E S .

Fair maiden touch thy harp again
With sweetest numbers soft and low;
Sing to the world thy rural strains,
That from thy harp so gently flow.
Why leave the gold within the earth,
The diadem in its watery home;
If not—why leave thy heat'n-born lays
Remain in dark oblivion's tomb.
No; God has placed into thy power,
A gift that's granted to but few;
Then 'tis thy duty to perform—
What God has willed for thee to do.
Then sing, fair Maid, and fame is thine,
Drink of the soul-inspiring stream;
And visions of enrapturing light
Will on thy spirit sweetly gleam.
Oh, let thy mellow strains resound
Again o'er all our valleys free,
And blend in unison the song,
To friendship, love and liberty.

MISCELLANEA.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

THE LAST HOURS OF NAPOLEON.—From the Universal History of the Catholic Church. By the Abbé Roulbacher:

We have seen a man who, in the history of the world, walked in steps of Nimrod, Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charlemagne. We have seen Napoleon, the modern incarnation of military and political genius, we have seen him turn his dying eyes towards Rome, and ask of her a Catholic priest, to receive his last confessions and to sanctify his last moments on the rock of St. Helena. On the 27th April, 1821, he found himself irremediably attacked by the malady of which his father died. From this moment, says the universal biography, he only occupied himself with the duties of piety, and the priest of Vignali was almost constantly with him. "I was born in the Catholic religion," he said at different times; "I wish to fulfil all the duties which it imposes, and receive all the consolations, all the assistance which I hope for from it." One of the companions of his captivity, the Count Montholon, adds: "On the 29th April, I had passed thirty-nine nights at the bed-side of the Emperor, without his allowing me to be replaced in this pious and filial service, when in the night between the 29th and 30th April he appeared to be concerned for the fatigue I was suffering, and begged me to let the Abbé Vignali take my place. His persistency proved to me that he spoke under a pre-occupation foreign to the thought he expressed to me. He permitted me to speak to him as to a Father; I dared to say what I had comprehended; he answered without hesitation:—"Yes, it is the priest I ask for, take care that I am left alone with him, and say nothing." I obeyed and brought directly the Abbé Vignali, whom I warned of the holy ministry he was about to exercise. Introduced to Napoleon, the priest fulfilled all the duties of his office. After having humbly confessed, this Emperor, formerly so proud, received the viaticum and extreme unction, and passed the whole night in prayer, in touching and sincere acts of piety. In the morning when General Montholon arrived, he said to him, in an affectionate tone of voice and full of satisfaction: "General, I am happy; I have fulfilled all my religious duties; I wish you, at your death, the same happiness. I had need of it, I am an Italian, a child of rank of Corsica. The sound of the bells affects me, the sight of a priest gives me pleasure. I wished to make a mystery of all this; but that would not be right, I ought, I will render glory to God. I think He will not be pleased to restore me to health; but give your orders, General, let an altar be prepared in the next room; let the Blessed Sacrament be exposed, and let the forty hours prayers be said." The Count Montholon was going out to execute the order, Napoleon called him back: "No, he said, you have many enemies; as a noble they will impute the arranging this to you, and they will say my senses were wandering, I will give the orders myself." And from the orders given by Napoleon himself, an altar was arranged in the adjoining room, where the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and the forty hours prayers were said. The Emperor had still some lucid moments, and he called to mind the good he had done in his life for religion. "At least," he said, "I have re-established religion. It is a service of which no one can calculate the consequences; what would men become without religion?" Then he added: "There is nothing terrible in death; it has been the companion of my pillow during the last three weeks, and now it is on the point of seizing on me for ever. I should have been glad to see my wife and my son again; but the will of God be done!" On the 3rd of May he received, a second time, the holy viaticum, and after having said adieu to his generals, he pronounced these words, "I am in peace with all mankind," he then joined his hands, saying: "My God!" and expired the 5th of May, at six at night.

DOCTOR JOHNSON ON CATHOLIC DOCTRINE.—Boswell, the friend and biographer of Johnson, relates the following dialogue between himself and the great English writer, on the subject of Catholic doctrine, which will, no doubt, prove interesting to many of our readers :

I had hired a Bohemian as my servant while I remained in London, and being much pleased with him, I asked Dr. Johnson whether his being a Roman Catholic should prevent my taking him with me to Scotland.

Johnson.—Why, no, sir ; if he has no objection, you can have none.

Boswell.—So, sir, you are no great enemy to the Roman Catholic religion.

J.—No more, sir, than to the Presbyterian religion.

B.—You are joking.

J.—No, sir, I really think so. Nay, sir, of the two I prefer the Popish.

B.—How so, sir ?

J.—Why, sir, the Presbyterians have no Church—no Apostolical Ordination.

B.—And do you think that absolutely essential, sir.

J.—Why, sir, as it was an apostolical institution, I think it is dangerous to be without it. And, sir, the Presbyterians have no public worship; they have no form of prayer in which they know they are to join; they go to hear a man pray, and are to judge whether they will join with him.

B.—But, sir, their doctrine is the same with that of the Church of England. Their Confession of Faith and the Thirty-nine Articles contain the same points—even the doctrine of predestination.

J.—Why, yes, sir, predestination was a part of the clamour of the times, so it is mentioned in our articles, but with as little positiveness as could be.

B.—Is it necessary, sir, to believe all the Thirty-nine Articles ?

J.—Why, sir, that is a question which has been much agitated. Some have thought it necessary that they should all be believed, others have considered them to be only articles of peace, that is to say, you are not to preach against them.

I proceeded : What do you think, sir, of Purgatory, as believed by the Roman Catholics ?

J.—Why, sir, it is a very harmless doctrine. They are of opinion that the generality of mankind are neither so obstinately wicked as to deserve everlasting punishment, nor so good as to merit being admitted into the society of blessed spirits ; and, therefore, that God is graciously pleased to allow of a middle state, where they may be purified by certain degrees of suffering. You see, sir, there is nothing unreasonable in this.

B.—But then, sir, their Masses for the Dead ?

J.—Why, sir, if it be once established that there are souls in Purgatory, it is as proper to pray for them as for our brethren who are yet in this life.

B.—The idolatry of the Mass ?

J.—Sir, there is no idolatry in the Mass ; they believe God to be there, and they adore *Him*.

B.—Confession ?

J.—Why I don't know but that is a good thing. The Scriptures say, "Confess your faults one to another ;" and the priests confess as well as the laity. Then it must be considered that their absolution is only upon repentance, and often upon penance also ; you think your sins may be forgiven without penance, upon repentance alone.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.—The days of the week are derived from seven Saxon words, the names of certain deities ; namely : *Sun, Moon, Tiwscos, Woden, Thor, Friga* and *Seater*.

SUNDAY, called by the Saxons *Sunandæg*, was dedicated to the Sun, which was their chief deity, as well as that of *Persians*. In the temple consecrated to the Sun, was an idol representing the bust of a man set upon a pillar, his face darting bright rays. His arms were extended, and he held a wheel before his breast, typical of the circuit which

the Sun is *poetically* represented to make round our Earth, which then, and for many ages afterwards, was the common belief.

MONDAY, called *Mona*, was devoted to the Moon, which was represented by a female image standing on a pedestal, dressed in a very fantastic manner.

TUESDAY, called *Tusco*, was consecrated to Tuisco, who, as legend reports, was father of the Germans and Scythians, from whom the Saxons sprang, and was held in so much estimation by his countrymen, that at his death they deified him. He was represented by the figure of a venerable old man, with a long white beard, standing upon a pedestal with a boar skin upon his shoulders, and a sceptre in his right hand.

WEDNESDAY was consecrated to Woden or Odin, who was considered by the northern nations the father of all the deities, and the "God of War," uniting the characters of Jupiter and Mars of the ancients. Woden was represented by the figure of a warrior in a martial posture; the figure was clad in armour; in his right hand was a broad and crooked sword; in his left, a shield.

THURSDAY was consecrated to Thor, who was the oldest son of Woden. He was considered the supreme governor of the Air, Lightning and Thunder; in which latter particular, he answered to the Roman Jupiter, and he was supplicated for fruitful seasons. The idol by which he was represented, was seated on a splendid throne, its head decked with a golden crown, adorned with twelve glittering stars. In the right hand was a regal sceptre.

FRIDAY was called after Friga, the wife of Woden, and the mother of all the gods; she had the attribute of the Roman Venus, and was represented by a female figure, holding a naked sword in the right hand, and in the left a bow.

SATURDAY was consecrated to Seater, who is, by some, supposed to answer to the Roman Saturnus. He was represented by an idol standing on a pedestal upon the prickly back of a perch; the figure, whose head was bare, and the countenance was thin, was clad in a long coat, confined about the waist and shoulders with a linen sash. In his right hand was a pail of water, in which were fruits and flowers.

PURE AIR AND SLEEP.—Dr. Arnott, in his *Physics*, states that a canary bird suspended near the top of a curtained bedstead where persons are sleeping, will generally be found dead in the morning, from the effects of carbonic acid gas, generated in respiration. He set forth this as a fact, to show the necessity of breathing pure air in sleeping apartments, and a sweeping argument against the old-fashioned high curtained bedsteads.

A healthy man respires about twenty times in a minute, and inhales in that period about seven hundred cubic inches of air; this he exhales again in the form of carbonic acid gas and water, which vitiates the atmosphere. Three and one-half per cent. of carbonic acid gas in the air renders it unfit for the support of life; this shows how necessary it is to provide a supply of pure air for the support of respiration.

There are also certain facts which go to prove that more danger exists—that there is a greater proneness to disease—during sleep than in the waking state. In Turkey and Hindostan, if a person falls asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy field, over which the wind is blowing towards him, he is liable to "sleep the sleep which knows no waking."

The peasants of Italy, who fall asleep in the neighborhood of the Pontine marshes, are invariably smitten with fever. Even travellers who pass the night in the Campagna du Roma, inevitably become more or less affected with the noxious air, while those who pass through without stopping escape the marsh fever. Those who have traveled in tropical climes, and who have been attacked with bilious fevers, uniformly ascribe the cause of their sufferings to night exposure in the open air.

An English traveler in Abyssinia has asserted that he could live in health in that sickly climate, by a proper selection of the situation where he slept every night.

There is abundant evidence, it would appear, which goes to prove that by proper attention to the place where, and the circumstances under which persons sleep, many diseases may be avoided.

Scientific American.

PRAY YOUR WIFE.—Somebody has committed to paper the following common sense advice, touching the duty of the sterner sex. Let those who are blessed with a partner of their toils have it printed in letters of gold, read it over once a week and reduce it to daily practice, and our word for it, it will bring blessings innumerable around the domestic hearth:

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She has made your home comfortable, your hearth bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for these ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you too.

There are many women to-day thirsting for the word of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat and winter's toil they have drudged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers, and husbands become to their monotonous labors, that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. Homely every-day life may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its very homeliness. You know that if the floor is clean, manual labor has been performed to make it so. You know that if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, somebody's fingers have ached in the toil of making it so fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous. Every thing that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care, and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally.

It is not that many men do not appreciate these things, and feel a glow of gratitude for the numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and in health, but they are as selfish in that feeling. They don't come out with a hearty "Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife;" or, "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains." They thank the tailor for giving them "fits;" they thank the man in a full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank the young lady who moves along in the concert room; in short, they thank every body and every thing out of doors, because it is the custom, and come home, tip their chairs back and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, scold if the fire has got down; or if every thing is just right, shut their mouths with a smack of satisfaction, but never say to her "I thank you."

I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility toward those common articles of housekeeping, your wives; if you gave the one hundred and sixtieth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married; if you would stop the badinage about who you are going to have when number one is dead, (such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep, sometimes); if you would cease to speak of their faults, however banteringly, before others, fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness than your cold, so-so-ish affection. Praise your wife, then, for all good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are fully counterbalanced by your own.

THE BONNET.—The bonnet is said to have been first brought from Italy, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The materials then employed were cloth of gold, crimson satin, and other rich stuffs, and the form was something between the round Italian hat and the French hood. The large Leghorn flat was the first head covering which took the true bonnet form; and all bonnets and capotes, up to the present day, have been modifications of the original model. It had first a perpendicular crown, with a large brim standing out high and wide around the face, and covered with immense bows of ribbon, intermingled with artificial flowers. From that time variations have appeared in its shape every two or three seasons, and it has gradually become less and less—at one time close and narrow in the brim, at another wide and open, more or less trimmed, according to the caprice of the mode, but always having a decided peculiarity of form opposed to the hat shape. But neither this nor any other style or shape can, it is thought, approach, in sweet becomingness, to the charming cottage bonnet, of straw, which all recollect, but which is now extinct.

PROMOTING PEACE IN A FAMILY.—An exchange gives us the following excellent rules for promoting peace in a family:

1. Remember that our will is likely to be crossed every day, so prepare for it.
2. Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.
3. To learn the different temper and disposition of each individual.
4. To look on each member of the family as one for whom we should have a care.
5. When any good happens to any one to rejoice at it.
6. When inclined to give an angry answer, to “overcome evil with good.”
7. If from sickness, pain, or infirmity, we feel irritable, to keep a very strict watch over ourselves.
8. To observe when others are so suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to them.
9. To watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.
10. To take a cheerful view of everything, of the weather, and encourage hope.
11. To speak kindly of the servants—to praise them for little things when you can.
12. In all little pleasures which may occur, to put self last.
13. To try for “the soft answer which turneth away wrath.”
14. When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed, to ask ourselves: “Have I not often done the same and been forgiven?”
15. In conversation not to exalt ourselves, but to bring others forward.
16. To be very gentle with the young ones, and treat them with respect.
17. Never to judge one another harshly, but to attribute a good motive when we can.

TIME.—Time is the most undefinable yet paradoxical of things ; the past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past, even while we attempt to define it, and, like the flash of lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measure of all things, but is itself immeasurable ; and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so if it had. It is more obscure in its source than the Nile, and in its termination than the Niger ; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain ; and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house ; it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle, yet the most insatiable of predators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all ; nor can it be satisfied until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight, and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death. Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition ; is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise—bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; but, like Cassandra (the prophetess), it warns us with a voice that even the sagest discredit too long, and the silliest too late. Wisdom walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it : he that has made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies ; but he that has made it his enemy, will have little to hope from his friends.

STRANGE FACTS IN THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.—The various bread-forming grains—wheat, barley, oats, rye—are found to be resolvable into one. If wheat be sown in June and mown down, so as not to be allowed to come to ear till next season, the product will be found to consist partly of rye or some other of the cereals. Oats have in like manner been transformed into rye, barley, and even wheat. Till a recent period this phenomenon was doubted, but it has been tested by experiment, and reported on by so many credible persons, that it can no longer be rejected. The cowslip, primrose, oxlip and polyanthus, which were always regarded as distinct species, are now found

to be producible from one set of seeds under various conditions; they are radically one plant. So also the clove, pink and carnation are only varieties of a flower growing among the ruins of some of our old castles, the *dianthus coryophyllus*. The artichoke of the garden and the cardoon (a kind of thistle) of the South American wilds, are held as distinct species in all botanical works; yet the artichoke in neglect degenerates into the cardoon. Other examples might be given of identity of species recently discovered among plants hitherto supposed to be distinct.

DEAN SWIFT AND HIS TAILOR.—A tailor in Dublin, near the residence of the Dean, took it into the "ninth part" of his head that he was specially and divinely inspired to interpret the prophecies, and especially the book of Revelations. Quitting the shop-board, he turned out a preacher, or rather a prophet, until his customers had left his shop, and his family were likely to famish. His monomania was well known to the Dean, who benevolently watched for an opportunity to turn the current of his thoughts.

One night the tailor, as he fancied, got an especial revelation to go and convert Dean Swift, and next morning took up the line of march to the deanery. The Dean, whose study was furnished with a glass door, saw the tailor approach, and instantly surmised the nature of his errand. Throwing himself into an attitude of solemnity and thoughtfulness, with the Bible opened before him, and his eyes fixed on the 10th chapter of Revelations, he awaited his approach. The door opened, and the tailor announced, in an unearthly voice—

"Dean Swift, I am sent by the Almighty to announce to you—"

"Come in, my friend," said the Dean, "I am in great trouble, and no doubt the Lord has sent you to help me out of my difficulty."

This unexpected welcome inspired the tailor, and strengthened his assurance in his own prophetic character, and disposed him to listen to the disclosure.

"My friend," said the Dean, "I have just been reading the 10th chapter of Revelations, and am greatly distressed at a difficulty I have met with, and you are the very man sent to help me out. Here is an account of an angel that came down from heaven, who was so large that he placed one foot on the earth and lifted up his hands to heaven. Now my knowledge of mathematics, continued the Dean, has enabled me to calculate exactly the size and form of this angel; but I am in great difficulty, for I wish to ascertain how much cloth it will take to make him a pair of breeches; and as that is exactly in your line of business, I have no doubt the Lord has sent you to show me."

This exposition came like an electric shock to the poor tailor! He rushed from the house, ran to the shop, and a sudden revulsion of thought and feeling came over him. Making breeches was exactly in his line of business. He returned to his occupation, thoroughly cured of prophetic revelation by the wit of the Dean.

HOW TO SELECT FLOUR.—1. Look at its *color*; if it is white, with a slightly yellowish or straw-colored tint, it is a good sign. If it is very white, with a bluish cast or with black specks in it, the flour is not good. 2. Examine its *adhesiveness*; wet and knead a little of it between the fingers; if it works dry and elastic, it is good; if it works soft and sticky, it is poor. Flour made from spring wheat, is likely to be sticky. 3. Throw a little lump of dry flour against a dry, smooth, perpendicular surface; if it adheres in a lump, the flour has life in it; if it falls like powder, it is bad. 4. Squeeze some of the flour in your hand; if it retains the shape given it by the pressure, that too is a good sign. Flour that will stand all these tests, it is safe to buy. These modes were given by old flour dealers.

THE most valuable part of every man's education is that which he receives from himself, especially when then the active energy of his character makes ample amends for the want of a more finished course of study.

FIDELITY, good humor, and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make its decay invisible.

THE GREEN ROSE.—This rose presents quite a phenomena in the history of roses, and as its existence has been doubted by many who have not seen it, perhaps it would be acceptable to give its origin. It was originally a daily red rose, and was set out in the garden of Mr. James Smith (who is now dead), between the years of 1806 and 1808. About the year 1827, a Venetian Sumach was planted from three to five feet distant from the cluster of red roses, and during that, or the next year, one of the stalks ceased bearing the red, and commenced bearing the green roses; and has continued to the present time. Not long after this it was necessary to extirpate the sumach entirely, inasmuch as it was putting up sprouts in every direction, and becoming ruinous to the gardens; but this removal of the sumach produced no change in the bearing of the green rose. This, however, was merely an opinion which he assigned, because it appeared the most reasonable mode of accounting for its production. This rose has been twice removed from its place, and without producing injury. The original rose-bush is still alive and flourishing, and may be seen at the residence of John Smith, Esq., in the county of Bladen, North Carolina.

Home Circle.

THE MOTHER'S CRADLE HYMN.

Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,

Holy angels guard thy bed,

Heavenly blessings without number

Gently falling on thy head.

How much better thou'rt attended

Than thy Saviour chose to be,

When from heaven He descended

And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle,

Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;

For His birth-place was a stable,

And His softest bed was hay.

Was there nothing but a manger

Hapless sinners could afford,

To receive the heavenly stranger,

Their Redeemer and their Lord?

See, the humble shepherds round Him

Gaze with mingled love and fear;

Where they sought Him, there they found Him,

With His virgin Mother near.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,

Where the horned oxen feed;

Peace, my darling, here's no danger,

Here no ox is near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,

From the ever-burning flame,

Bitter groans and endless crying,

That this holy Infant came.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,

Trust and love Him all thy days,

Then to dwell for ever near Him,

See His face, and sing His praise.

We should give as well as receive, cheerfully and without hesitation; for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

1. THE CHURCH OF THE BIBLE; OR, Scripture Testimonies to Catholic Doctrine and Principles; collected and considered, in a Series of Popular Discourses, addressed chiefly to non-Catholics. By *Frederick Oakeley, M. A.*, Priest of the Diocese of Westminster. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

A work which will be read with pleasure and profit by many, both Catholics and non-Catholics. In the origin, tone, and result of these Lectures, there is something more than usually agreeable. The preface informs us that "the Catholic Church at Islington is frequented, on Sunday evenings, by a large number of Protestants, whose regular attendance and uniform propriety of demeanor, seem to indicate that they are actuated, not by mere idle curiosity, but by a sincere desire of acquainting themselves with the nature of the Catholic religion." To answer this apparent desire, these Discourses were delivered, and with such success, that the reverend author has the enviable happiness of being able to say, "while on the one hand, the Lectures have excited no controversial hostility whatever, they have on the other, directly resulted in more than one conversion to the Catholic Church." That the same divine work will be promoted by its perusal among us, and wherever the English tongue is spoken, the Discourse IV, "*The Evangelical Counsels and the Religious State*" and Discourse XI, "*The Catholic Church the Heir to the Reproach of Christ*," will sufficiently improve. That many Catholics are hardly one remove from Protestants on these points is lamentably true. They need not chafe because a convert can see so much further on that road which has been trodden by the brightest Saints of God; and if they will, their minds may be enlightened and their hearts warmed by more familiarity with such writings.

Discourse III, "*The Blessed Virgin Mary*," contains some instructive remarks on the "Canticle of Canticles," as used in the Catholic Church; which will enable many to form some *clearer* and *worthier* ideas of that mysterious book. The learned note to Dis. XIV on the famous chap. ii of Galatians will, if we can be so fortunate as to direct their attention to this valuable work, show many a Catholic how much he has yet to learn on the ever important subject of St. Peter's supremacy. We should not too easily conclude that "our religious education is finished."

2. ANNALS OF THE PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH. No. 108.—May, 1857. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have so frequently called the attention of our readers to these excellent Annals, that we deem any extended notice of the present number unnecessary. Like its predecessors, it comes freighted with much valuable information, giving us statistics of the labors and noble deeds of the sainted Missionaries in far distant regions, both useful and interesting.

The Catholics of the United States have special reasons for feeling more than ordinary interest in the work of the propagation of the faith. This country has been particularly favored by the association. We have been repaid a hundred fold for all we have given. By turning to the table of receipts and disbursements in the number before us, we find that during the year 1856, the Catholics of the United States contributed to the association the sum of eleven thousand two hundred dollars; while they received therefrom, during the same period, the sum of *one hundred and seventeen thousand three hundred and eighty dollars!* This should stimulate us to renewed exertion in a cause so worthy of our zeal, seeing that the dollars we give are returned in hundreds. Besides this information so full of interest to the Catholics of this country, the number contains a series of interesting letters from missions in China, Oceanica, the Tonga Islands, &c. These letters detail the many trials, privations, and persecutions undergone by the heroic Missionaries, and their perusal will tend to awaken our zeal in the missionary cause.

3. THE IRISH IN ENGLAND, by *William G. Todd, D.D.* Reprinted with additions from the Dublin Review. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We are much pleased to see this able article, which appeared some time ago in the Dublin Review, reprinted in a form that will facilitate its circulation. The position of the Irish Catholics in England is so analogous with their residence in this country, that its perusal on this side of the Atlantic will produce much good. Having given a lengthy notice of the article in a previous number, we deem it unnecessary to say more than to commend it again to our readers in its new form.

4. THE CATHOLIC YOUTH'S MAGAZINE. Baltimore: Murphy & Co.

We have received the first number of this work, but too late for notice. From a cursory glance, however, we are favorably impressed with the Magazine, and bespeak for it a hearty reception from the Catholic community. Its neat and handsome exterior, together with the exceedingly interesting contents of its pages, will we are sure render it a favorite to our youth, and give it a welcome to every Catholic household.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—In the literary world abroad, several works of interest are announced. Among these we may notice a translation of the complete works of the Blessed Leonard, of Port-Maurice, a Franciscan of the last century, whose apostolic labors made him one of the apostles of Italy. His name is still in benediction, and his labors endure in their fruitfulness. His works, regarded as ascetic treasures in Italy, have been recently published by Father Salvator d'Ormea, from primitive editions and manuscripts, still preserved in the convent of St. Bonaventure. The present translation into French, by Labis, will make this servant of God more widely and better known. A new translation of the works of Saint Alphonsus Liguor, is also announced. One was published some years since, but, from some cause, it did not meet general favor, and the present superior one is published by the Fathers of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, with the approbation of Father Mauron, the Superior General.

The friends of Biblical literature will rejoice at the announcement of the most important, but incomplete work of the late Cardinal Mai, viz: *The Critical Edition of the Septuagint and of the Original Text of the New Testament, according to Codex Vaticanus*, which has never been thoroughly examined. After the Cardinal's death the necessity was recognised of once more comparing word by word with the manuscript his text, which was already printed (but not published) in five quarto volumes at the Propaganda press. The Holy Father entrusted the revision of this important work to the three learned scholars, Vercellone (Barnabite), Guido (Dominican), and Passaglia (Jesuit). Their gleanings, both in substance and extent, are considerable, for they fill fifteen sheets. The printing of the slips to be inserted has already commenced. F. Vercellone, General Procurator of the Barnabites, has made a valuable discovery in the Vatican which bears directly on this subject. He has found three manuscripts which contain a collection of critical materials for the emendation of the Vulgate. The *variae lectiones* offered in them are all from manuscripts written before the eighth century. Not only is this a treasure for the critical study of the text of the Vulgate, but it is an addition to mediæval literature which may be called unique.

Another important work, *The History of the Council of Trent*, is about to be brought out in Rome, under the auspices of Pius IX. Padre Theiner, the editor and compiler, has been for many years the Prefect of the Secret Archives of the Vatican, and in his official situation has had full and free access to all the MSS. During many years he has privately worked out his history of the Council, and has amassed an enormous number of documents on the subject. In the revolutionary period at Rome, fearing that the original codices might be destroyed or removed from his keeping, he caused *fac*

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similes of the autograph signatures of the Fathers to be engraved in copper-plate. At the instigation of Mgr. Roscovani, the Bishop of Waitzen, who was in Rome seeking for materials for a scientific work, Padre Theiner sought an audience of the Pope, and begged permission to publish his work, detailing all his secret labor, and at the same time asserting that he had never intended to send the book forth into the world without the full authority and sympathy of the Church. The Pope referred the matter to a commission of learned and pious men, who, without a dissentient voice, declared themselves in favor of the work. The result is, that the Pope has consented to its publication, and added 10,000 scudi to aid in the project, and besides has reinstated the famous printing-press of the Vatican, which will commence its new life with Padre Theiner's "*Complete History of the Council of Trent*," and with the publication of all the original documents which have been so long kept from the vulgar gaze among the countless MSS. of the Vatican. The first part will appear in three folio volumes, containing the complete diary of the Council as it was arranged by Signor Massarelli, the Secretary, and signed by the Father's themselves; also, the acts of the Council from its formation in December 13, 1445, to its close on December 4, 1563, with all the disputes, controversies, and correspondence during that time. These acts are now for the first time presented to the world in an unmutilated form. The second part, also in three folio volumes, will consist of documents relating to the Council, which are not actually official, but at the same time necessary to its history. Signor Theiner has, during the time occupied in setting up the Vatican press, made a journey to Trent to examine the 52 volumes of documents relating to the Council, which are preserved in the Mazzetti Library.

The house of Casterman, which is now of Paris as well as of Brussels, also announce the *Essai théorique de Droit Naturel*, by Father Taparelli d'Azeglio, and several little Dramas for school exhibitions. These are frequently in demand toward the close of the scholastic year in our institutions, and we mention the fact with all due deference to those who condemn theatrical displays in our educational establishments.

Bray, of Paris, has just published a French version of *The School of the Priest*, an admirable work for ecclesiastics, especially in time of retreat. It is written by Tanner, Abbot of Enseideln (Our Lady of the Hermit) in Switzerland, and ranks as a superior work.

Julien, Lancer & Co. have in press, a series of works to serve as a complement to the *Lettres Edifiantes*, that famous collection of letters of Jesuit Missionaries in all parts of the world.

A new and useful addition to Catholic periodical literature has appeared at Brussels, entitled *Une lecture par semaine*—its object being to restore the true state of facts corrupted by ignorance or bad faith. The field is undoubtedly ample.

To the foregoing we may add, a *History of the Civilized Nations of Mexico and Central America* during the ages anterior to Columbus, by the Abbé Brasseur, former Chaplain of the Legion of the French in Brazil, and ecclesiastical director of the Indians of Rabinal, in Guatemala. Under the head of Science and Philosophy, we have the *Scientific Expedition in Mesopotamia*, executed by the order of the French government, from 1851 to 1854, and published under the direction of the Minister of State. M. Joachin Meriant's *Essay on the Religious Philosophy of Persia*, lately issued from the French press, is said to be an able and erudite work. The author investigates the questions: Who was Zeroaster? What religion did he proclaim? What is known of his life and doctrines?

The English press has also been actively engaged. C. Dolman, of London, has recently issued *A History of the Church of England from the earliest period to the re-establishment of the Hierarchy in 1850*, by the Very Rev. Canon Flanagan.

The famous Dr. Pusey, who was reported some time ago as dead, has recently issued a new work entitled: "*The Real Presence of the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ—the doctrine of the English Church*." The views long entertained by Dr. Pusey, touch-

ing the doctrine of the Real Presence, will make this work of interest both to Catholics and Protestants.

Life of Mother Seton—French Translation.—We announced in a preceding number, that this work, by the Rev. Dr. White, had been translated into French, by the abbé Babat of Lyons, and published by Lecoffre & Co., of Paris. The translation is very favorably noticed in a recent number of the *Ami de la Religion*, one of the oldest and most ably conducted periodicals on the continent enlisted in the cause of the Church, and the merits of the biography itself are alluded to by the critic in very flattering terms. We subjoin his observations which, we doubt not, will prove interesting and instructive to our readers, especially as they afford a gratifying evidence of the high appreciation in which an American author is held on the other side of the Atlantic:

"In inspiring the author with the idea of writing the life of Mrs. Seton, it seems to have been the design of God to provide a specific antidote against the errors and weaknesses of our times. In contrast with that materialism which causes so many to bow down before the golden calf of worldly interest, it was well to exhibit the sublime indifference of a christian who had passed with tranquil soul through the cloud and sunshine of life, her eyes always uplifted to heaven, even under the pressure of the most trying evils. Near this noble form, in which we behold a personification of constant submission to the will of Providence, there stands prominent in the picture a band of those visible angels whom Heaven sends to the relief of suffering mortals and as an illustration of the generous devotedness that springs from christian faith. In the United States, where the flag of unbounded liberty waves in union with that of a religious independence, which makes no distinction of creeds, and bears with the onward progress and daily conquests of Catholicism, God raises up a heroine who is destined by her example to confound the pride which spurns the yoke of religion; a heroine who, despite the prejudices of sectarianism and the embarrassments of family ties, advances generously to the foot of the altar, where she tramples under foot reputation, fortune, support of friends, present comforts and future prospects, in order to enrol herself among the children of the Catholic Church. But, as imperfection becomes not the chosen instruments of his will, he calls this privileged soul to something higher than the observance of precept—to the triple vow of poverty, chastity and obedience, that is, to all the sublimity of the evangelical counsels. In this exalted virtue we find a check to our self-indulgence: we feel stronger for the spiritual fight when we contemplate the energy of that heart which, although tender and weak of itself, derived from the grace of God, on every occasion, a constancy and courage superior to all trials and contradictions. No one whose bosom still retains a spark of faith, and a little of that good-will to which Heaven always gives a blessing, can read this biography without becoming better.

"In this respect, the Life of Mrs. Seton bears an analogy with all other works of the kind that emanate now-a-days from the religious press, and commend themselves to the piety of the faithful by the attractions which the talent of eminent writers has given them. But, the work before us has two distinguishing features which render it, in our opinion, more worthy of recommendation than many other productions of the same class. In the first place, like the life of the illustrious Madam de Chantal, it exhibits a moral in action which may be well proposed to the consideration of children, of wives, of mothers, and of religious. Secondly, it has the rare merit of affording interesting and profitable reading both to pupils and their instructresses. Maternal experience and tenderness must necessarily render the lessons and example of a preceptress doubly valuable in the eyes of those who wish to discharge conscientiously the same arduous and meritorious office. We may add, that this biography addresses itself to persons of every age and condition, and offers precious resources for the discovery of divine truth to all Protestants who are sincerely desirous of finding it.

"The philosophy of history in this volume is but that of the gospel. The author, as he tells us himself, endeavored to make it, as much as possible, an autobiography; and his modest reserve in this respect is pleasing to us while it is honorable to him. In

concealing himself, he brings more clearly into view the natural wisdom of his heroine, perfected by the light of heaven and rising always to the level of her position, however painful or difficult. It is Mother Seton drawing her own portrait, by the artless pouring forth of her soul, by allowing the treasures of her heart to overflow. If Dr. White permits himself an occasional reflection, he is always correct in doctrine, and natural and just in his opinions, like the subject of his biography; and nothing falls from his pen that would not be approved by sound theology and the most perfect mystical science.

"Solid minds, we have no doubt, will be pleased with this work, and we have no hesitation in saying that it will not be devoid of charms for those friends of literature who know how to make allowance for the habits and genius of the nation to whom an author addresses his work. If we saw any imperfections in this biography, their cause, or at least their excuse might be discovered in their over-serious character of the American people, who would see only a proper fluency and wisdom of expression in a style which some of our readers (in France) would consider rather diffuse and not sufficiently rapid and concise.* But, in reading this volume we are continually captivated by the varied charms of Mother Seton's brilliant imagination, exquisite sensibility, and happy use of the Holy Scripture, with which she was so familiar, and a manner of expressing herself, peculiar to her, simple, sublime, attractive, and abounding with all the beauties of that tender, insinuating, and persuasive poetry that wins every heart."

AMERICAN.—The dull season is nearly over, and the announcement of new works foreshadows an unusual degree of activity among Catholic publishers. Messrs. Dungan & Brother announce a new edition, in two volumes, of Moore's well known and popular *History of Ireland*. Also, *The Convert; or, Leaves from my Experience*, by O. A. Brownson, LL. D. This work, from so distinguished an author, will be looked for with much interest. The same house have in press, *The Aspirations of Nature*, a new work, by the Rev. I. T. Hecker, the distinguished author of "*The Questions of the Soul*." The popularity which attended Father Hecker's former work will give a welcome to anything that may emanate from his gifted pen. *Rome: its Churches, its Charities, and its Schools*, by the Rev. William H. Neligan, LL. D., announced by the same publishers, is a work which will be looked for with much interest. The Rev. author is a distinguished convert from Anglicanism, who has spent a considerable time in Rome, and is, therefore, well qualified for the task he has assumed. Messrs. Dungan have also in press, *Sancta Sophia*, by the Rev. A. Baker, of the Order of St. Benedict: and the long-since promised *Treatise on Church Music*, by the Rev. Dr. Wilson.

Mr. Donahoe, of Boston, announces new editions of the following works: *Shamrock Leaves, gleaned in the Field of Irish Literature*. This work consists of Tales and Stories of Ireland, selected from the most popular authors, and will, no doubt, meet a ready sale. Also, *The Festival of the Rosary*, by Agnes M. Stewart, revised and enlarged by the Rev. James Fittion; and *River's Manual; or, Pastoral Instruction on the Creed, Commandments, &c.*—an important and useful work.

The Rev. James Kelly, Pastor of St. George's church, Philadelphia, announces for publication so soon as a sufficient number of subscribers can be obtained to defray the expense, *The Catholic Treasury of the Sacred Scripture*. This is one of the most important works recently announced, and its publication will be anxiously looked for. The Rev. author was distinguished as a theological student at Maynooth—a guarantee that the work will be worthy of Catholic patronage.

Messrs. Sadlier & Co., of New York, promise shortly to favor the public with *The Life and Labors of St. Vincent de Paul*, by Henry Desford; and *The Life of St. Francis de Sales*, by the same author. Also, *Alice Sherwin*—a Tale of the Times of Sir Thomas More.

*A distinguished American critic, speaking of this work, says: "The style of this biography is celebrated for its elegance. Dr. White is a classic writer, one of the best we have, and if he had not been a Catholic and a priest, might have been a distinguished man of letters. The life of Mother Seton is his best monograph, and will give him a lasting reputation with American Catholics."

EDITORS' TABLE.

Our friend S. M., who has been reveling in the pleasures of by-gone years, sends us the result of his birth-day meditations. There is something in a birth-day celebration, if we may use the expression, sadly pleasing. Amidst the pleasure which we naturally feel at having added another year to the decade of our existence, the sad thought irresistibly intrudes itself upon our minds that its return has brought us one year nearer to the goal of our departure hence—that, no matter what be our youth, our strength, and prospect of lengthened years, our days are numbered; and that the time will come when it will be recorded against us. O! man, make joyous this, thy birth-day, for most assuredly before the return of its anniversary thou shalt die!

TO MY BIRTH-DAY.

Hail, day of my birth! art thou coming once more
Of the fleetness of life to remind me;
Or cast a dim light on the days that are o'er—
On the joys that lie withered behind me.

Thou jolly old day thou art dear to me yet!
Tho' at each return thou art shading
Some sunbeam of joy that would dazzlingly fit
On the summit of hopes that are fading.

The dear little children that play'd 'neath the wood
With me—where the stream was descending,
Where the woodbine hung shelteringly over the flood;
With its beautiful clusters low bending—

Have grown to maturity; solemn or gay;
As their various tempers incline them;
And tho' they are all scattered far, far away,
To my heart does fond memory bind them.

Some O, alas! are laid down with the dead;
But, ah! it is useless to sorrow,
Or sigh for the generous souls that are fled,
When I may be with them to-morrow.

O, day of my birth! when thou last shalt return,
And my life and my sorrows are ending;
May I then know the lesson you bid me to learn
When the sun of my life was ascending.

Hope beams on the spirit of virtue and worth,
When the twilight of death all is shading;
As the planets of heaven shine cheerfully forth,
When the last beams of day are all fading.

Grant, heaven, this boon while this body I wear,
Ere the chord of existence you sever:
May my last feeble ascents be uttered in prayer,
Ere my tongue shall be silenced forever.

S. M.

PROSPECTUS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.—Catholic Teaching.—There is, perhaps, nothing in the history of the Church in this country more truly gratifying to the Catholic heart, and, at the same time more astonishing to our Protestant fellow-citizens, than the progress of Catholic education. Despite of every opposition it has flourished, and still its progress is onward. Almost every day brings the gratifying intelligence of the founding of new colleges and the erection of new schools. Turn where you will over this vast continent, Catholic educational establishments meet your view. Even in California, whose geographical position but a few years ago was scarcely known, Catholic literary institutions form already the proudest monuments of the "golden" State. In the beautiful valley of Santa Clara, famed for the mildness and salubrity of its climate, the college of the Jesuit Fathers rises majestically, and marks the spot as a locality consecrated to science and religion. Though yet in its infancy, the college of Santa Clara, in the extent of its arrangements, in the completeness of its chemical and philosophical apparatus, the efficiency of its professors and the number of its students, will already compare with many of the older educational institutions in the Atlantic States.

We frequently hear it repeated that the Catholic Church is hostile to education; that the clergy keep the people in darkness. If this charge were applicable to other lands—a charge disproved by every page in the history of the Church—no man unless he closes his eyes to every evidence of truth, can for a moment admit that the charge will apply to the Catholic Church of the United States. True, Catholics have not given a willing assent to the State-schoolism, so prevalent throughout the country, though they have been compelled to contribute to its support according to their means. They have not been willing to bow their necks to a system of education which they deem inadequate to the true wants of their children.

It is not our purpose here to discuss the merits or defects of the public school system, or to say a single word that might in the remotest degree offend its admirers. We are even willing to accord to those who originated it, the merit of having attempted a noble enterprise; and if it has failed to produce the golden fruits which its friends anticipated, it is a subject of regret rather than of reproach. Suffice it to say, that the system in its practical operation, is not in accordance with the sublime teaching of the Catholic Church. It wants the saving element of religion, which should underlay every system of education. Catholics feel that their children require other lessons than those which relate to the day-book and the ledger; other sciences than those of measuring the numbers of Virgil and the periods of Demosthenes; and while they freely admit the advantages of secular knowledge, they feel that the science which relates to the eternal welfare of their children, is of paramount importance. Hence, if they rejected the proffered boon of free education, under a system controlled by the State rather than the Church, it is not that they love education less, but because they love religion more. Their zeal for education is seen in the numerous schools which they have erected in every section of the country. But they are unwilling to subscribe to the absurd doctrine, that secular education, be it ever so profound, will impart morality, or curb the vices of the human heart; that education alone is the supreme arbiter of man's happiness, the goal of his destiny. They love education, but they desire to see it in its proper place, subordinate, not superior to religion.

Every day convinces us more and more of the importance of the Catholic system of education—the blending of religion with the study of the secular sciences. The decay of the moral principle, which is everywhere visible, admonishes us that there is a radical defect somewhere in the social structure. Already the ark of the Union, freighted with the hopes and the destinies of the nation, is wildly tossed by the billows of discord, while the vortex of fanaticism is opening to engulf it. Ambitious partisans, with specious appeals to local prejudices, have endeavored to alienate one section of the country from the other, and to engender a spirit of contention and strife. A wild insubordination reigns abroad upon the land. The laws are powerless to restrain the violent, to vindicate the rights or to protect the persons and property of our citizens.

Almost daily scenes of outrage are committed. "Vigilant committees" usurp the power of the State and dispose of the lives of our citizens with as much impunity as if the laws had vanished from the land. We have heard the cry: educate, educate; enlighten the popular mind—as if this alone were the all-saving panacea, destined to heal the moral distempers of society, to give stability to the State, efficiency to the laws and happiness to the people. State-schoolism has been tried, and after years of experiment, its most ardent friends are forced to acknowledge that it has failed to remedy the evils it was designed to cure. The Catholic system of education is the only one capable of supplying the wants of the times—it alone cultivates the heart, while it instructs the intellect.

But even apart from the religious element that presides in our schools, the Catholic system of education is the only system which really harmonises, in all its bearings, with the institutions of the country. The long cherished motto of our country, *E pluribus unum*, was practically the motto of the Catholic Church for ages before the free flag of Columbia was unfurled to the American breeze. The Church, in her teaching embraces all nations, binding them together as the children of one common family in the silken cords of faith and the bonds of fraternal charity. She reckons not her members by nations, and recognises no distinction among them by reason of their country. And here, in America, she preserves the same beautiful order of union, harmony and fraternal feeling. Here she is not governed, like so many of the various denominations of the commonwealth, by the geographical division of the country. Here she recognizes no north nor south among our citizens, but the *Union* and the *Constitution*, one and inseparable, from Maine to California. She deprecates the slightest interference with any of the domestic institutions of the country, and has no dogma of faith nor formula of practice that she cannot as freely proclaim in Boston as in New Orleans.

The same elements of unity and harmony which emanate from her sanctuary are proclaimed in her schools. Here the children of our citizens are taught in connection with those lessons which will render them useful members of society, those sublimer lessons which will render them worthy candidates for heaven. Prompt obedience to all the dictates of religion, reverence for parental authority, respect for the laws, ardent attachment and patriotic devotion to the institutions, are the lessons that emanate from the Catholic schools.

Let Catholics set a just estimate upon their own schools; let them cherish and support them.

THE CATHOLIC VINDICATOR.—This valuable paper, which long maintained a prominent position among the Catholic journals of the country, and did good service in the cause of Catholicity, has been transferred by the late proprietor to Daniel Finn, Esq. Mr. Finn intends to continue the publication of the paper under the title of the *Detroit Vindicator*. The new paper, though not heralded as a Catholic journal, will, nevertheless, be devoted mainly to the vindication of the rights and maintaining the interests of Catholics.

While we regret the loss of the *Catholic Vindicator*, we cannot but rejoice that its mantle has fallen on one so competent to sustain it. We wish the new paper that success which the talents of its editor is justly entitled to.

From July 20th to August 20th, 1857.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ROME.—The progress of the Pope through his dominions still continues, much to the satisfaction of his delighted subjects. His visit to Bologna was attended with many circumstances of interest, and the city, during his stay, exhibited one continued holiday. He occupied the beautiful residence of St. Michele, in Bosco, about half a mile from Bologna. He visited Modena, where he remained for two days. As the Holy Father's object in his present pilgrimage seems to be chiefly to satisfy himself in person of the condition of the people, and to encourage religion, science and arts, he visits not only schools, colleges and religious institutions, but also work-shops and prisons. Before going to Medona, in order to encourage industry at Bologna, he visited the exposition of the manufacturers of the province, which was exhibited in a spacious palace called the "Borsa del Commercio." Nine halls were filled with beautiful specimens of useful Bologna arts, such as a great variety of cloths, silks, &c. The damask of Bologna is celebrated. Although it is a most tedious duty to examine what one does not understand, the Holy Father stayed two hours in this exhibition, and highly commended the artisans for their industry, and also for being instrumental in giving means of subsistence to so many of the poor inhabitants of Bologna. After his return from Modena, where he visited the convent of Silésian nuns, founded by the Duchess of Parma, the Jesuit Colleges, and several charitable institutions, he also visited the University of Bologna, and spent in it three hours and a half, examining in detail everything it contained. The library is celebrated as containing some most interesting manuscripts and rare books. Amongst them is the first edition of the famous book of Henry VIII against Luther—"Assertio Septem Sacramentorum adversus Martinum Lutherum. Lond. in AEdilis Pyrsnicuis, 1512: dedicated to Leo X," with the autograph Signature, "Henricus Rex." It appears that Henry VIII sent two copies of this work, which earned him the title of "Defender of the Faith," to Leo X, for there is another copy exactly similar in the Vatican Library. He subsequently visited the nuns at the House of the Good Shepherd, to the great joy of the zealous religious and the penitents of the institution. He addressed them in a kind and parental manner, and presented to the establishment a liberal donation before he left. The Holy Father next visited the hemp manufactory, about two miles from Bologna, and spent several hours in going through the establishment and giving encouragement to the proprietors and the employees to persevere in so useful a labor. He next visited the great establishment of "Salt and Tobacco," Salite Tabacchi, as it is called here. This speculation used to be a monopoly of Prince Torlonia, of Rome, and he made a fortune out of it. Now it is in the hands of the Pontifical Government, and yields a handsome revenue. In the States there are several establishments where they make snuff and tobacco, and derive great profit from these articles of general consumption in the Papal States. At Chiavavalle, near Ancona, there is a magnificent establishment. Here, too, there is a large convent converted into a manufactory, in which everything is conducted with great order and industry. Seven hundred women are employed in this establishment, who are to be placed under the direction of the Sisters of Charity, or other religious, a regulation which the Holy Father is about to introduce, not only in this, but also in all other large manufacturing establishments in the Papal States. After performing the tedious duty of going over this vast establishment, the Pope went out to see the Mint, where he coined some medals and some pieces of money, in his presence, and after-

wards he returned to St. Michele. On the tenth of July, after paying a visit to the "Accademia della Bella Arti," the Academy of Fine Arts, the Pope left Bologna for Ferrara, which he entered beneath a series of triumphal arches, statues ornamented with garlands of flowers, festoons, and inscriptions. On his arrival, he first went to the Cathedral, and received the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, as is his usual custom on entering a city for the first time. From the Cathedral he repaired to the magnificent Archiepiscopal Palace, from the balcony of which he gave his benediction to the people. At night the beautiful facade of the Cathedral was brilliantly illuminated, as well as the principal streets, and the ancient palace of the Duke of Ferrara. The Holy Father is expected to return to his capital about the 5th of September.—The city of Rome is quiet; nothing having occurred since the departure of the Pope to interrupt its tranquillity.—Late advices announce the death of General Farina, the Minister of War of the Pontifical Government.

NAPLES.—An unsuccessful attempt at insurrection was made during the early part of July. The plot was conceived on a large scale and skilfully organised, the most experienced conspirators, not only of Italy, but also of France and Germany, being privy to the arrangements. The supreme direction of the conspiracy was entrusted to Mazzini. During the few months previous to the attempt, he is said to have visited several places in France, Germany, Switzerland, and even the Italian provinces of Austria, but seeing so few join the movement, he is reported to have countermanded it, and escaped from Leghorn on board a ship carrying the Portuguese, or, as some accounts say, American flag. The insurgents, however, made an attack on Sapri and Torraci, but were repulsed with considerable loss. Twenty taken with arms in their hands, were shot; numerous arrests were made of suspected parties, and preparations were being made for their trial. Among these is a Miss White, an English lady, who is regarded as an agent of Mazzini. The papers found on the prisoners, and the arms and ammunition hidden in various places, show what were the intention of the conspirators: plunder of the rich, and of the middle classes who had any wealth. Lists of the houses which were to be pillaged, and persons were indicated, whose sole crime was the not partaking of the opinions of Mazzini; for this they were to be poignarded. The Marquis Ernest Pareto is arrested, on account of the suspicion which attaches to the intimacy of Miss White with his family.

SPAIN.—The attempted insurrection in Spain has also been suppressed, and a large number of suspected parties have been arrested. In the city of Madrid alone the number exceeded 1600. At Seville upwards of 40 of the insurgents were shot. Executions had also taken place at Lavalle, Arahal, and other places. A deputation from the Corporation of Seville, accompanied by the deputies for that province, and bearing a petition signed by nearly 3,000 persons, waited upon the Duke of Valencia to entreat him to use his influence with the Queen to stop the executions in Andalusia. Another petition, signed by the women of Seville, had been sent to the Queen. In reply to the deputation, General Narvaez read a royal order, which enjoined the authorities of Seville to put no one else to death without previous communication with the government.—It is stated that Queen Christina will shortly return to Madrid.

FRANCE.—The details of a plot to assassinate the Emperor during his stay at Plombières, has been the chief topic of comment in the French and English journals. The *Moniteur* contains the following particulars: "For more than a month the police have had proof that a plot had been formed in London to make an attempt on the life of the Emperor. Three Italians, charged with the execution of this horrible project, were at Paris, and arrested. The arms also which were to have been used for the perpetration of the crime, have been seized; they consist of poinards, revolvers, &c. Brought to justice, the prisoners had already confessed their crime, and revealed the names of their accomplices. The government, notwithstanding, suspended the proceedings against them, in order that the *éclat* of the process might not be regarded as a means of influencing the result of the elections which were about to take place. The proceedings

are now resumed, and an ordinance of the Judge of Instruction has sent before the Chamber of Accusation all the prisoners arrested, with their accomplices. Their names are Thibaldi, Bartoletti, Grilli (otherwise Saro), Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, Mazarenti and Campanella."—Ledru Rollin has addressed a letter to the Judge d'Instruction of Paris, who is charged with preparing the evidence against the Italian conspirators, with a view of clearing himself of any connection with them. The plot against his life, however, has not prevented the Emperor from making a flying visit, accompanied by the Empress, to Queen Victoria—Beranger, the celebrated poet, died recently in Paris. His funeral took place under the direction of the authorities, to guard against any disturbances, which were anticipated. The infidel sentiments of Beranger were well known. His poetry was often irreligious, and aimed at bringing the Church into contempt. It is a consolation, however, to know, that in his last moments he became reconciled to the Church, and died in the Catholic faith. The *Univers* has the following touching his last hours: "Beranger was taken ill and did not deceive himself as to the gravity of his position. The Cure visited him, spoke of God, and was well received. Several visits followed, the patient himself desired them, and one of them was strictly private. After a 'confidential conversation' (we use the term employed by others) the sick man wished to receive the 'pardon' (it is his own word) in the presence of the friends by whom he was usually surrounded. He respectfully made the sign of the cross, and received, with the priest's blessing, the pardon he requested. The following day he sent for the Cure, and said to him, before all the persons who were there: 'The pardon once more.' The Cure understood that he solicited the sacramental absolution, and gave it to him. Beranger gave proof, in these circumstances and particularly during the last days of his life, of Christian sentiments; he invoked the saints and martyrs, and said: 'My God! you so great and I so little, take pity on me!'"—Mgr. Guellenini, Apostolic Prefect of the Province of Canton in the Chinese Empire, accompanied by a young Chinese, a student of philosophy in the College at Hong Kong, lately arrived in Paris. The illustrious Missionary had an interview with the Emperor, who promised to take into serious consideration the cause of Catholicity in the Celestial Empire. After the audience, the Emperor personally conducted the Bishop and his Chinese companion to the Empress, who feels a deep interest in the missionary cause. During the interview, her Majesty presented the Imperial Prince to the prelate.—Mgr. Bataillon, Missionary of Central Oceanica, is also at Paris, making collections to aid the cause of religion in those distant regions, where he has labored for twenty years.—Eugene Sue, the great novelist, is dead.

ENGLAND.—The revolt in India seems to engross the public attention almost to the exclusion of every other subject. The insurrection which, at first, was spoken of slightly by the English press, has turned out to be a serious affair. The spirit of revolt has spread throughout the whole of the Bengal presidency, and it is anticipated that it will extend to Madras and Bombay.—In Calcutta commerce was at a stand, and the English residents were banding together for mutual protection. Parliament had taken no decisive measures in reference to the subject; Desraeli, in a speech on the revolt, charged that misrule had caused the outbreak, first by the forcible destruction of the native authority in India by the British government; secondly, by disturbing the settlement of property; and lastly, by tampering with the religion of the natives, and advises the sending a Commissioner to India to inquire into these causes.—Mr. Bowyer presented petitions from the Catholics of sixty cities and towns against the Divorce Bill, besides, a large number were presented by Protestant members.—It is said that France, Russia, Austria and Prussia, are about to address a note to the English government, requesting that the English capital be closed against the band of conspirators who resort there to plot against the peace of Europe; and further, that the Emperor Napoleon intends to demand the extradition of Ledru Rollin.—The dedication of the Church of the Oblate Fathers of Mercy Immaculate, was celebrated recently at Leeds. The Right Rev. Bishop of Marseilles officiated on the occasion, and his Eminence, Cardinal Wise-

man, preached the dedication sermon.—Notice had been issued by the government for a ship to carry 400 male convicts from England to Fremantle, Western Australia. Perhaps a more remarkable set of convicts never left the country at one time than will go out in this party. Among the 400 will be found Sir John Dean Paul, Strahan and Bates, the fraudulent bankers; Robson, the Crystal Palace forger; Redpath, who committed the forgeries on the Great Northern Railway Company; and Agar, who committed the great gold robbery on the Southeastern Railway. The notorious bank forger, Barrister-Saward, *alias* Jem, the penman, the putter-up of all the great robberies in the metropolis for the last twenty years, also goes out in this ship, which will leave England on the 25th of August, embarking the convicts at Deptford, the Little Nore, Portsmouth, Portland and Plymouth.

IRELAND.—Ireland has been honored with the presence of Prince Napoleon, who, at the latest dates, was visiting the principal cities and making excursions to the most celebrated places of resort.—On the 12th of July and for three or four days subsequent, outrages were committed by the Orange party, at Belfast and several other places, otherwise nothing has taken place to disturb the usual order and quiet of the country.—The O'Connell monument, at Limerick, is shortly to be inaugurated. It is a subject of much gratification to find, that in reference to the movement of doing honor to the memory of the "Great Liberator," there is a unanimity of feeling among people of all parties and creeds. The following letter from Mr. Smith O'Brien, to the Mayor of Limerick, enclosing a donation, reflects lasting honor on the head and the heart of the writer: "It is well known that I differed with Mr. O'Connell in regard to some parts of his policy with the same earnestness of purpose as I displayed in sustaining him at the most critical period of his public life, but I have never ceased to regard him as one of the greatest historical characters of our country, and as a man who was endowed with many virtues, as well as with gigantic powers of intellect. When I remember the parade with which an English Viceroy was received in Limerick about this time last year, I confess that I should feel ashamed of my countrymen if they failed to exhibit at least equal alacrity and surpassing enthusiasm in doing honor to the memory of one of the most illustrious men that Ireland has produced. I trust, therefore, that, without any compromise of conscientious opinion, past differences will, upon this occasion, at least be forgotten, and that the manifestation of public feeling will be commensurate with Mr. O'Connell's claims to the gratitude of a large majority of the Irish nation."—It is said that a movement is on foot to erect a monument in Dublin, to Moore, the poet. The site designated is College street.—The Irish journals announce the death of the Very Rev. Laurence Renahan, President of Maynooth College. The lamented deceased was in the sixtieth year of his age. He was a man of remarkable piety and great learning. He was born near Longford Pass, in the county Tipperary, entered Maynooth in the year 1819, and was ordained in 1824. In 1827 he was raised to the chair of Professor of Scripture and the Hebrew language. He next filled the chair of Vice President, and on the death of Dr. Montague, in 1845, was promoted to the Presidency of the College, a position he filled with zeal and dignity to his death.—A public Thesis, the first that has been held in Ireland since the Reformation took place at All Hallows' College, at the close of the recent commencement. A youthful and talented Missionary, an aspirant to the Doctorate Degree in Divinity, the Rev. Michael Costello, held a public thesis in defence of all theology, which he maintained during two days in the presence of a large number of the Clergy, several venerable Bishops, the Professors of Maynooth, and of the Catholic University, the Apostolical Delegate, the Primate, &c., and was then received a Doctor of the Church.—At a meeting of the prelates of the province, at the Metropolitan Church in Ross, the names of three clergymen were selected from which to select a successor to the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, formerly Bishop of Ross, who has been translated to the See of Cloyne. The names stood as follows: The Very Rev. Michael O'Hara, *dignissimus*; the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, *degnior*; and the Right Rev. Dr. Delany, *dignus*.

RUSSIA.—*The Sisters of Charity in Russia.*—It is stated in some of the foreign journals, that the Emperor of Russia has solicited the Superior of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul, at Paris, to send five hundred Sisters of Charity to be employed in the Russian hospitals, and that the request will be partially complied with. The number asked for could not be spared at once without neglecting the calls of humanity and religion in other quarters of the world.

Russia and the Holy See.—Cardinal Antonelli has received the following autograph letter from the Emperor Alexander: “Your zealous efforts at consolidating the good relations between us and His Holiness, the Pope, as well as your incessant co-operation in bringing about a happy agreement of the two governments upon the questions relative to the spiritual necessities of our faithful subjects of the Roman Catholic religion, have acquired for you a right to our gratitude and esteem. To manifest this towards you, we name you Chevalier of the Order of St. Andrew, the first Apostle, and we send you adjoined the insignia of the Order, in remaining affectionately yours,

ALEXANDER.”

PRUSSIA.—The Prussian Protestant Upper Ecclesiastical Board has issued a circular to the Clergy respecting the Church on the second marriage of divorced parties. It is worthy of note, that while the Prussian Clergy are relieved from the necessity of bestowing the nuptial blessing on the union of adulterers, efforts are being made by the new divorce bill to subject the Protestant Clergy of England to that necessity. The text is as follows: “After we have presented our most dutiful report on the negotiations which for some time have been pending respecting the benediction of divorced wedded people, the subject has been brought to a provisional conclusion by a supreme order issued on the 8th inst. The King’s Majesty has not yet found it timely to come to an absolute decision. Meanwhile, in order to further the approach of a better state of things, his Most High Majesty has pleased to order: ‘that the Clergy shall give notice to the Consistory of all cases in which married persons, civilly divorced, shall seek the ecclesiastical blessing on another marriage; but that the Consistory (reserving to the party feeling aggrieved the recourse to the Evangelical Upper Ecclesiastical Board), shall have to decide on the allowableness of the wedding according to the maxims of the Christian marriage law, according as it is founded on the Word of God.’ Hereof we inform the Royal Consistory, with the injunction forthwith to furnish the Clergy with the requisite directions. Herewith we unite the disclosure, that the King’s Majesty, at the same time, on the same considerations, has forbidden the further granting of dispensations from the impediment of adultery. Hereafter, the royal ministry has to refuse at once any petitions which may come in, and to announce to the Clergy that they are to abstain from any countenancing of such proposals. The sending in of periodical reports on the cases, which may have come to the knowledge of the Royal Consistory, of refusals to marry, may in future cease.”

SWITZERLAND.—We are gratified to see that religious affairs seem to be taking a better turn in Switzerland. The following facts, which we take from a correspondence of the *Cirilica Cattolica*, encourage the hope that better days are in wait for the persecuted Catholics of Helvetia. Order is perfectly re-established in the Canton of Fribourg. The newly elected Grand Council undertook immediately the revision of the constitution of 1848, and annulled all the articles hostile to the Catholic religion; the people approved of the new constitution with an almost unanimous vote, and consequently this canton, after nine years of suffering, is at present reorganised on a Catholic and conservative basis. The commission appointed to prepare the new constitution proposed to concede the right of voting to the clergy. But Mgr. Marilley requested them to let them remain free from the cares and troubles of politics. This is the prelate who was accused of meddling in secular affairs! After the approbation of the new constitution by a vote of 14,242 against 1,261, the Grand Council on the proposal of the celebrated lawyer, M. Wulleret, repealed the law of 1848, that abolished all the religious houses in the canton. All religious orders, whose restoration is possible, have now leave to re-open their houses and to receive novices. This does not extend to the Jesuits, and to some other orders, who are prohibited through all Switzerland by Art. 58 of the Federal Constitution of 1848.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.—AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. ARCHDIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—*Consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Barry.*—The consecration of the Right Rev. Dr. Barry, as Bishop of Savannah, took place at the Cathedral, in this city, on Sunday morning, the 2d of August. The Cathedral was crowded by a large concourse of persons, anxious to show by their presence the interest they took in the elevation of this estimable clergymen to the Episcopal dignity. The following Bishops of the province were present, and participated in the ceremonies on the occasion: The Right Rev. Dr. McGill, Bishop of Richmond; the Right Rev. Dr. Neumann, Bishop of Philadelphia; the Right Rev. Bishop Portier, of the Province of New Orleans, and the Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick, who officiated as Consecrating Prelate, assisted by Bishops Neumann and Portier. Among the numerous Clergy present was the Very Rev. Dr. Lynch, Administrator of the Diocese of Charleston. The sermon by the Right Rev. Bishop McGill was eloquent and impressive.

Religious Reception.—On Thursday, August the 6th, Miss Frances Sumner was received into the Order of Mercy, in this city, taking the name, in religion, of Sister Mary Ignatius. The Rev. Father Hickey, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. McColgan and Courtenay, and the Rev. E. J. Sourin, S. J., presided on the occasion. On the 16th of July, Miss Euphemia Prevost received the white veil, at the Convent of the Visitation, in this city, and took the name of Sister Mary Justina.

Ordination.—The following scholastics of the Society of Jesus—Francis McAlee, Anthony Van den Heuvel, Edmund Young, Jas. Robert Fulton, Joseph O'Callaghan, Robert Brady—received the sacred orders of subdeaconship, deaconship and priesthood, from the hands of the Most Rev. Archbishop, in the College Chapel of Georgetown, on the 23d, 24th and 25th of July.

Confirmation.—Fifty-two persons were confirmed in the church of St. Peter, Capitol Hill, Washington, on Sunday, 26th ult., after the early mass. Fifty-four were confirmed in the church of St. Mary, Washington, before late mass. A Bell was solemnly consecrated in the afternoon.

2. DIOCESE OF RICHMOND.—*Monument to the Rev. Father Devlin.*—The monument erected in the Cemetery at Portsmouth, over the remains of the Rev. Francis Devlin, is said to be a truly magnificent work. It is some twenty feet high, and cost eleven hundred dollars. It was erected under the supervision of the Rev. Joseph H. Plunkett, his successor. On the north side the following is inscribed:

Erected
By the Citizens of
Portsmouth,
To the memory of
REV. FRANCIS DEVLIN.
The humble Priest,
The faithful Pastor,
Who sacrificed his life
In the cause of Charity
During the Plague of 1855.
He was a native of Longford, Ireland.
Died on the 7th of October,
in the 31st year of his age.

3. DIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA.—We learn from the *Herald and Visitor*, that it is the intention of the Right Rev. Bishop Neumann to have, at an early day, a chapel erected on Summer street, in the Cathedral Parish, in that city, to serve as a place of worship until the new cathedral is completed. The chapel is to be so built that when it becomes no longer necessary, it may be easily converted into a school-house.

Dedication of a New Church and Confirmation.—A correspondent of the *Herald and Visitor*, gives the following interesting account of the dedication of the new church of St. Siemon, and the administration of the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation, at Dunmore, Luzerne county, Pa.: On Sunday, the 27th of July, the Catholic church at Dunmore, Pa., was solemnly consecrated by the Right Rev. Bishop Neumann. He also administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a number of adults and children. The church was crowded to excess, and, notwithstanding the oppressive heat of the weather, every one present, Protestant as well as Catholic, paid the strictest attention to the imposing ceremonies. High Mass was celebrated by the indefatigable pastor, Rev. Father Fitzmaurice, assisted by Rev. Mr. Whitty, of Scranton, as deacon, and Rev. Mr. McSwiggan, of Archbald, as subdeacon. After the intonation of the Gospel, the Rev. Mr. Filan, of Hawley, ascended the altar, and delivered an eloquent and appropriate address on the Sanctity of the Catholic Church, and the solemnity of her religious ceremonies. At half-past three o'clock, P. M., the consecration of the graveyard attached to the church, took place. A procession was formed composed of acolytes, cross-bearers, thurifer, clergy in surplices, followed by the choir. The beautiful and plaintive tones of the *Miserere* as they rose from the place of the dead, touched many an obdurate heart, and awoke therein holy feelings that were long dormant. It was a great day for the wilds of Luzerne; and the sheep without the fold looked on in awe and astonishment at the mystic and gorgeous rites of the church of the Apostles. Catholicity is spreading far and wide through these old forests, and thanks to Him who is, was, and shall be, building to the God of St. Patrick, temples among the mountain fastnesses of Pennsylvania. The church is a neat, unpretending edifice, plain in its internal arrangements, almost the counterpart of that at Scranton. There are three altars: that to the right of the high altar dedicated to St. Joseph, and the left to the Immaculate Mother of God. A poor working congregation, composed for the most part of the laboring class, the people of Dunmore deserve great credit for their zeal in the erection of this edifice. Of good Father Fitzmaurice I shall say nothing. For his perseverance and energy, God will say to him one day: “*Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joys of the Lord.*”

4. **DIOSCESE OF BUFFALO.**—The Right Rev. Bishop Timon consecrated a beautiful new church at Elmira, New York, on the 19th of July, assisted by a large number of the Rev. clergy.

5. **ARCHDIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.**—The corner-stone of a new church, under the patronage of St. Joseph, at Wappagh Konetta, was laid by the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, on the 2d of July. The same Most Rev. Prelate administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to thirty-nine persons in St. Mary's church, Portsmouth, on Sunday, the 9th of August, and sixty in the church of the Holy Redeemer, same place, on the same day—of the latter, five or six were converts. At St. Peter's, Lick Run, there were few persons confirmed on the following Tuesday, and about seventeen at St. Mary's, of the Furnaces, on Wednesday. On the 15th, the Assumption B. V. M., there were one hundred and thirty-eight confirmed in St. Joseph's church, Dayton; and eighty-six in St. Patrick's church, Cincinnati, on Sunday, the 16th of August.

6. **DIOSCESE OF ALBANY.**—*Ordination.*—On July the 18th, the Right Rev. Dr. McCloskey, Bishop of Albany, ordained the following priests in the Cathedral of Albany: Rev. Felix McGinn, from Chambly College, C. E.; Rev. James A. O'Hara; Rev. William Carroll and Rev. Philip Kevenny, late of St. Suplice, Baltimore, Md., and Rev. Clement M. Mutsaers, O. S. F., from Halle, Belgium. The Right Rev. Bishop gave the tonsure, and conferred minor, subdeacon, and deacon's orders on the above named gentlemen on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday previous.

7. **DIOSCESE OF PITTSBURG.**—*Bishop O'Connor.*—Letters dated the latter part of June, from Constantinople, have been received from the beloved Bishop of Pittsburg. His health had undergone no change since last heard from. He was still in the company of his friend, the Rev. T. S. Reynolds, of Birmingham.

8. **DIOSCESE OF CHICAGO.**—Several months ago, the Bishop of Chicago found it his duty to suspend, and finally to excommunicate a Canadian priest named Chiniqy. As usual, the secular and sectarian papers exaggerated and misrepresented the facts, giving

such a coloring to statements as would most please their readers. The following paragraph communicated to the *Catholic Mirror*, touching the subject, contains a succinct and correct statement: As the secular papers mention certain acts said to have been committed by professed Catholics of the diocese of Chicago, to show disrespect for their Bishop, we feel it necessary to offer some explanation which may enable the readers of the *Mirror* to form a correct judgment of their character. Many months since, the Bishop deemed it necessary to suspend from the sacred ministry, and subsequently to excommunicate, a Canadian priest, Mr. Chiniquy, who was, at the time, in charge of a congregation of Canadians who had settled in Illinois. The justice and necessity of these measures were felt at the time by some neighboring prelates, and soon after solemnly declared in public documents by the Bishop of Canada, from whose diocese Mr. C. had come, under the pressure of complaints lodged against him. Unfortunately, the excommunicated priest found numerous supporters among his countrymen, who regarded him as an injured man, and encouraged him to persevere in the exercise of the ministry from which he had been cut off. The Canadian Bishops sent at various times zealous priests to undeceive his deluded followers, most of whom have in fact returned to the church. At the close of the successful labors of Rev. Mr Desaulmers, a Canadian priest who recently visited them, it was deemed advisable to have a public demonstration of the attachment of the Canadians to the authority of their Bishop, and accordingly a meeting of fully 4,000 persons convened from various parts in the Bourbonnais Grove, Kankakee county, on the 4th ultimo. Addresses were presented to the Bishop, who delivered an eloquent discourse, in which he explained the various points that had been most misrepresented. The assembled multitude received his blessing on bended knees, and returned to their homes consoled and edified. In order to destroy the effect of this demonstration, a single individual, who is neither a Canadian nor a Catholic, insulted one of the suite of the Bishop as he passed through. An eye witness of this fact, writing in the *Tribune*, of Chicago, on the 9th of June, states that this is the only foundation for the assertion, that the Catholic Canadians burned the Bishop in effigy.

9. **DIOSCE OF WHEELING.**—*The Right Rev. Bishop Whelan.*—Letters have been received announcing the arrival of Bishop Whelan in Paris, renewed in health. He next goes to England, and thence in October to Rome.

10. **DIOSCE OF GALVESTON.**—*The Propagateur Catholique* gives the following particulars of the narrow escape of the Right Rev. Dr. Odin, Bishop of Galveston, from a lamentable accident: On the evening of the 28th of June, the Bishop having reached San Antonio from Powder Horn, took² passage in a small boat for the Sheldon Mansion. When in sight of Indianola, he was struck by the shifting of the boom, and knocked overboard. The boat, impelled by a strong breeze, passed rapidly ahead, and nearly twenty minutes elapsed ere she could return to the Bishop's aid. As he was unable to swim, his having kept himself afloat so long, argues the kind interposition of Heaven on behalf of its faithful servant. The first attempt to get him on board was unsuccessful; at the second he was drawn under the boat; and it was only after some moments of painful uncertainty that he reappeared on the surface, and contrived to secure a hold of a pole which was reached to him. When drawn on board, he was utterly exhausted, and almost suffocated by the quantity of salt water he had swallowed. Unable to continue his journey, he was forced to remain at Port Lavaca, where, with medical attendance and the kind care of Mr. Blossman and other friends, he soon recovered. He expected to resume his journey on the 2d of July.

11. **DIOSCE OF LITTLE ROCK.**—*Religious Reception.*—*The Arkansas Intelligencer* gives the following description of the reception of the two young ladies, Miss Henderson and Miss McGrath, into the Order of Mercy, at the convent of St. Ann, Fort Smith, Arkansas: The occasion was one of deep and solemn interest. A large congregation, composed of the élite and intelligence of Fort Smith, Van Buren, and the surrounding country, assembled to witness this grand and imposing ceremony. It is grand at any time to see woman enlisted in the cause of the church and benevolence; but how much more is that grandeur and nobleness of soul enhanced to see her forever renouncing the pleasures and vanities of the world—to peril land, sea and raging epidemics, to further the mission of him whose vocation is peace and minister to the wants of the suffering and afflicted.

OBITUARY.—Died, on the 17th of July, at St. Peter's church, Washington, D. C., the Rev. CHARLES C. BRENNAN.

Died, on the 15th of August, at his residence, in Milford, Mass., the Rev. EDWARD FARRELL.

Died, on the 19th of July, at Lasalle, Illinois, Sister MARY VINCENTIA, of the Order of the Sisters of Charity. *May they rest in peace.*